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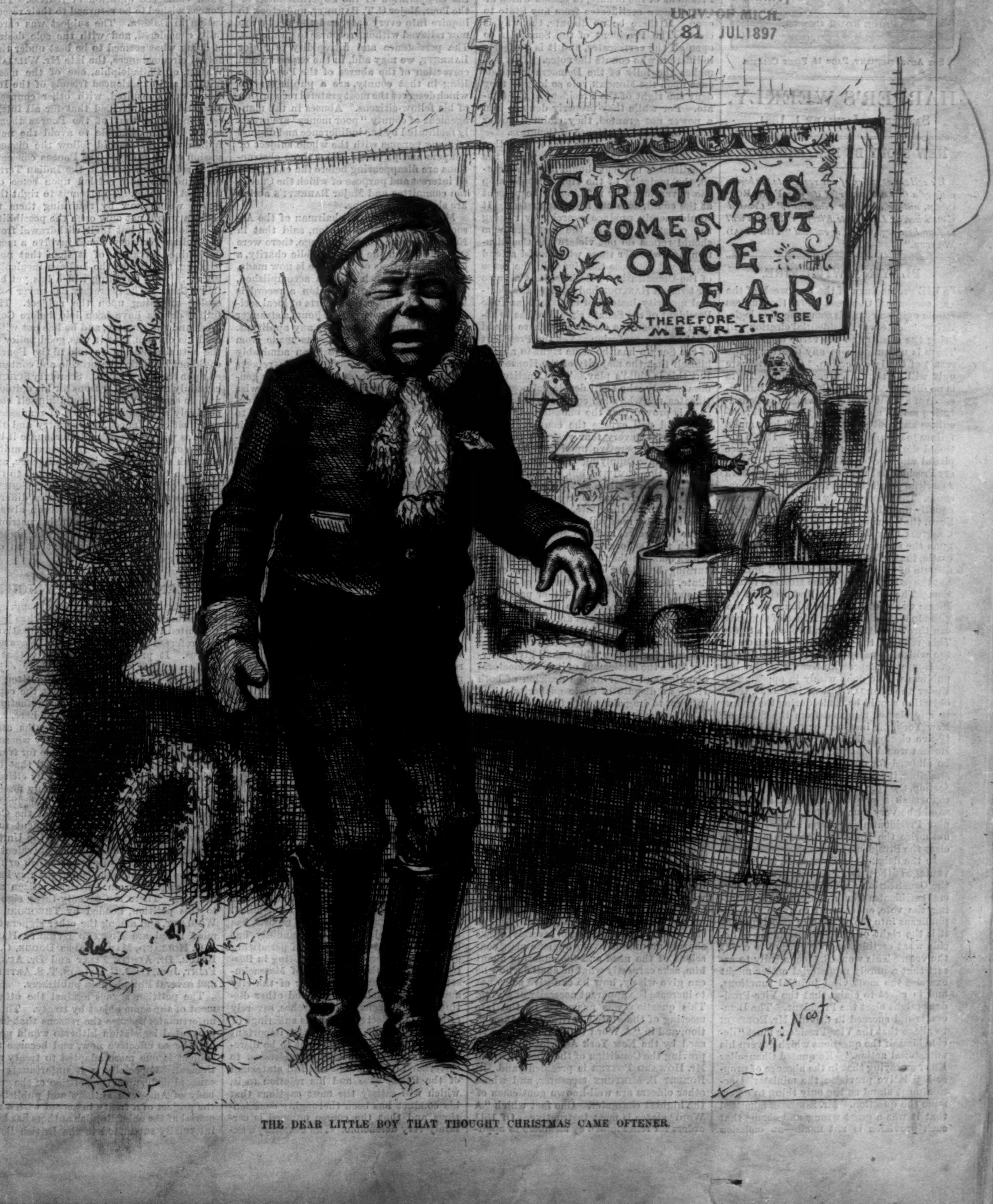
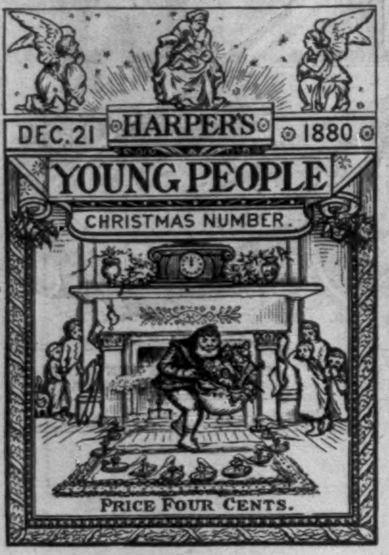

CHRISTMAS COMES BUT ONCE A YEAR.
THEREFORE LET'S BE MERRY.
Th: Nast

THE DEAR LITTLE BOY THAT THOUGHT CHRISTMAS CAME OFTENER.



See Advertisement, Page 14, First Column.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, January 1, 1881.

NEW STORY BY F. W. ROBINSON.

We call the attention of our readers to the beginning of a new and powerful story by F. W. Robinson, *author of* "*Poor Humanity,*" "*Coward Conscience,*" "*Little Kate Kirby,*" *etc., which will be found on page* 6. *It is entitled* "The Head Waiter."

PLAYING WITH FIRE.

THE proceedings of the first week of the session of Congress show that unless public opinion compels some effective legislative action, every Presidential election will bring the country to the verge of anarchy. There is no question in any quarter of the result of the late election. One certificate only will be sent from each State. There is no dispute. Everybody agrees. But because of a point of form for which the Constitution makes no provision, there are threatenings and mutterings of a dead lock and a failure to complete the election. It is a national disgrace that this situation, at once pitiful and perilous, should recur with every Presidential election. It impeaches both American patriotism and American commonsense. The responsibility and the shame rest equally upon both parties: upon the Republican, that during their long ascendency in Congress they did not place a proper law upon the statute-book; and upon the Democratic, that, after the startling alarm of the dispute of 1876, they have proposed nothing but the partisan trick of the **Morgan** resolution. The debate of the first week in the House was upon that resolution, which provides in effect that either House of Congress can throw out the electoral vote of a State. This reduces the Presidential election to the will of a party majority in the Senate or House of Representatives, and the Republicans have done wisely in opposing it. Under the **Morgan** bill as it stands, if an objection should be made, during the count, to any elector returned from the State of New York, for instance, or to all the thirty-five electors, the Convention of the two Houses would separate, five minutes would be allowed for debate, and upon the re-assembling, if either House sustained the objection, the vote would be rejected. Rather than such a preposterous trick as this it would be very much better to abolish popular Presidential elections altogether, and authorize the House of Representatives to elect the President.

In the debate, the Democrats, taking advantage of the want of definite provisions in the Constitution for deciding between several certificates from a State, and for counting the vote, endeavored to force the Republicans into the position of asserting that it is the right of the Vice-President to decide what certificates to open, and to count the vote. This would be technically to assert that a purely ministerial officer might exercise the most vital judicial functions, and in effect to claim that the Vice-President might elect the President. The Democrats did succeed in driving Mr. **Robeson** to allege that the Vice-President must "decide himself the questions which govern his ministerial action." He quoted Chancellor **Kent** as saying that in the absence of proper legislative provision, the ministerial action must stand as the only thing to determine the question. Mr. **Robeson** admitted that it was a great wrong and shame that such provision is not made—an omission which, he said, impeaches the patriotism, judgment, and statesmanship of Congress. The assumption of this vital power by the Vice-President, however, is no more tolerable than its assumption by Congress. To claim for him a quasi-judicial power *ex necessitate* is as unpermissible and not so reasonable as to claim the same power for Congress. If two electoral certificates should be sent from a State, and the selection between them is to be intrusted to Congress or to the Vice-President, there is no doubt which is the proper depositary of the trust. But in fact the Constitution intrusts the decision to neither. It does not contemplate disputed certificates. It provides merely how certificates shall be prepared and transmitted, and then "the President of the Senate shall, in presence of the Senate and House of Representatives, open all the certificates, and the votes shall then be counted." That is all. And it is impossible to extort from this direction the authority either for the Senate and House, or for the President of the Senate, to decide which of two or more certificates from any State to open. If there be no dispute, the way is clear. The President of the Senate is to open all the certificates, and it is perfectly indifferent who counts the votes. This fact makes the folly of the Democratic insistence upon the **Morgan** rule so long as they deny the right of the President of the Senate. For while they properly deny to him a power not granted, they claim a power not granted for one House of Congress.

The Democratic menace that if their theory of procedure in a case upon which the Constitution is silent should not be accepted, the majority of the House would stop the government, by refusing to be present at the count, does not help the matter. It would merely produce anarchy by raising the question whether the members who should refuse do not violate the Constitution, and whether those who should attend would not compose the House in the sense of the Constitution. Besides, it is a game for two. If **Hancock** had received the electoral majority, instead of **Garfield**, and the President of the Senate should refuse to attend and open the certificates, there would be the same confusion. Yet the President of the Senate has the same right to absent himself that the majority of the House has. But this is child's play. The Constitution does not say who shall decide between certificates, nor who shall count the votes, and as it is proved that the omission is full of peril, and will expose the country to the gravest risks every four years, there is no duty more imperative upon Congress than to pass a law supplying the omission. As between the **Edmunds** bill, which provides that disputes shall be settled in the States, and that if there are two organizations, each claiming to be the State, only that certificate shall be received which both Houses agree to receive, and the **Morgan** bill, for which the Democrats are now contending, which makes either House of Congress a returning board for every elector in every State, there can be no difference of opinion among intelligent men of either party. It is in no sense whatever a party question, and sensible Republicans and Democrats do not differ upon the absolute necessity of immediate effective legislation upon the subject—legislation which shall give to every State the settlement of its own electoral disputes, and refer to the decision of both Houses a dispute of State authority. The attempt to drag along with implications and constructions and deductions, in a matter where there is confessedly no direction, is worthy of Sancho Panza's Congress at Barataria, if there was one, but not of the American Congress.

HOW TO GIVE ALMS.

The daily newspapers as pictures of society show nothing which more distinguishes the life of to-day from that of a hundred or a hundred and fifty years ago than the universal and intelligent public interest and activity in the relief of every form of suffering. It is not merely the giving of alms which they record, for that was an old Christian duty, but the giving of alms wisely, which is a new Christian duty. And as the winter, which has begun severely, closes sharply around us, every humane man, conscious of the need and the suffering about him, asks earnestly what he shall do, how he can give wisely, how he can give so as not to increase the apparent necessity of giving. This question was answered in the late meeting of the State Charities Aid Association, and in "A Word to Business Men," issued by the New York Association for Improving the Condition of the Poor, of which Mr. **Howard Potter** is president, and Mr. **Robert B. Minturn** treasurer, and whose other officers are well-known gentlemen of the highest character. One fact which "A Word" states is most instructive. Of 1511 orders for relief issued by members to applicants last year in the city of New York, only sixty-five per cent. were ever presented; of these, four per cent. gave a wrong address, and nine per cent. were found to be unworthy; so that forty-eight per cent. of the whole number were not relieved. This statement indicates an army of impostors preying upon the public, and an enormous waste of money. The conclusion is irresistible: beware of indiscriminate alms-giving, and if you can not yourself investigate, let others do it for you. This is what this excellent and efficient society does. Contributors receive blank orders referring the bearer to the Relief Department for inquiry and relief, and the office is at 79 Fourth Avenue.

At the conference of the State Charities Aid, the Rev. Mr. **Bush**, of Richmond County, read a paper on Out-door Relief. Mr. **Bush** is the chairman of the Relief Committee in the town of Castleton, on Staten Island. He said that a year or two ago there were in that town 300 applications for public relief; but the committee, with the co-operation of the Superintendent of the Poor, Major C. T. **Barrett**, undertook to inquire into every case, and the needy are now relieved without recourse to public aid. The persistence and intrepidity of Major **Barrett**, we may add, in the exposure and correction of the abuses of the Poor-house Ring in that county, are a public service which deserves the most grateful recognition of his fellow-citizens. Abuses in the management of county "poor money" are greatly facilitated by the indifference and disgust of many persons with the whole subject of paupers and prisoners. But these obstructions are disappearing before the enlightened interest and purpose of which the Castleton committee and Major **Barrett**'s action are signal illustrations.

Mr. R. T. **Page**, Jun., chairman of the Associated Charities of Boston, said that in Newport, where, three years ago, there were 220 families on the list for public charity, a complete analysis of each case is now made, showing how much good is accomplished, and in what way. In Boston a record is kept, founded upon the reports of local societies, so that in twenty-four hours a stranger can learn everything about any applicant. The same general report was made from Philadelphia, where there is an admirably efficient system of relief. All the reports were most valuable, and showed how general and intelligent is the interest in wise relief. Those who fear that charity is declining from a Christian grace and duty to a problem of social science must begin their inquiry into the justice of their fear by remembering that indiscriminate street or door alms-giving is merely a form of selfishness which increases lying, poverty, and crime. Wise relief does not contemplate mechanical charity by excluding personal sympathy. If a beggar accosts you, ascertain if he deserves the aid he asks. But don't congratulate yourself upon your Christian virtue and personal sympathy because you give him money to be rid of him, and to save yourself the trouble of ascertaining whether he is an impostor.

SECRETARY SCHURZ AND THE PONCAS.

Our Indian policy has been a series of wrongs and blunders. This has been the result of various causes, and it is certainly not due exclusively to the natural depravity of Americans, or to hatred of the Indians. Perhaps the chief indirect cause has been the languid indifference of the public mind to every aspect of the question. The Indians have been so uninteresting and so remote that a popular military estimate of them as "vermin" has been often accepted as conclusive, and they have been left to the tender mercies of swindlers and desperadoes, until, turning upon their enemies, they have been reduced to submission by the army. Next to slavery, the Indian chapter of our history is probably the one most unworthy of our national character and principles.

During the last two or three years the Ponca question has excited a great deal of attention, and the conduct of the Interior Department has been bitterly condemned. Secretary **Schurz**, in his annual reports, has treated the subject fully and candidly, but he was still held to be guilty of permitting gross wrongs, and a recent meeting in Boston, at which the Governor of Massachusetts presided, and the Mayor of the city and Mr. **Wendell Phillips** and other distinguished citizens made speeches, severely criticised the Secretary for the sufferings of the Ponca Indians. This was too important and responsible an indictment to be disregarded, and Mr. **Schurz** has addressed to Governor **Long** a frank and full statement of the Ponca case and his relation to it, which will satisfy the most captious that his conduct has been thoroughly conscientious, and that the course pursued is certainly very defensible. The Secretary's explanation frees him entirely from any suspicion of inhumanity or injustice, and it is curious that the attack should have been made upon a public officer whose character and course in public life are the earnest of upright conduct. Had a similar assault been made upon some of his predecessors, it would have been less surprising. The Secretary, of course, could not become familiar with the details of the situation in his large and miscellaneous department until some time after his entrance upon office, and the details of the Ponca case were not fully known to him until the autumn of 1877, when the chiefs came to Washington and told their story.

Secretary **Schurz** inherited a very grave difficulty. The old policy of careless wrong toward the Indians had ceded the Ponca reserve to the Sioux in 1868. The Poncas had been removed, after an alleged consent upon their part, and upon their journey to the Indian Territory, and during their early residence there, they had suffered greatly. Then came the question of redress. The Poncas wished to be returned to their reservation in Dakota. The subject was carefully considered, and with the sole desire of doing what seemed to be best under the actual circumstances, the late Mr. **William Walsh**, of Philadelphia, one of the most faithful and experienced friends of the Indians, was consulted, with other counsellors, and it was decided that for all interests, including that of the Poncas themselves, it was desirable to avoid the new Indian war that would follow the dispossession of the Sioux. The Poncas consented to select new lands in the Indian Territory, and are now settled upon some of the best of them. To attempt to right the Ponca wrong now by returning them to Dakota would not only open the possibility of a Sioux war, but their withdrawal from the Indian Territory would involve a more determined invasion of it than that now pending, and injure the Indians incalculably more than anything which has yet befallen them. The Secretary has never concealed anything upon the subject. The fullest details have been laid before Congress and the country, and he has not withheld his opinion that it was good policy in the actual situation to see if the Poncas could not be made comfortable and contented upon their new lands. Secretary **Schurz** certainly gives good reasons for his opinion, and he seems to us to defend himself conclusively against all charges of remissness or injustice. Indeed, the country and the Indians will be exceedingly fortunate if his successor in the Interior Department unites so much ability, integrity, intelligence, and devotion to the public interests and to the welfare of the Indians as Secretary **Schurz** has shown. If we have sometimes differed with him upon details, it has been always without the least question of his patriotic and humane purpose, and with the highest sense of his admirable conduct of an exceedingly difficult office.

INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT.

A petition for an international copyright law, submitting the draft of a bill, has been presented in the House of Representatives, and referred to the Committee of Ways and Means. It provides substantially that a foreign author, composer, etc., may enjoy copyright by assignment to any citizen of the United States, provided that the copyrighted article shall be wholly manufactured in the United States, published here, and placed on sale within two months after date of publication in the country where it originates, with extension of time for translations and dramas, and provided that the privilege shall be enjoyed only by citizens of countries that reciprocate. Any foreign work upon the official list of assignments lawfully made shall be seized at the Custom-house, and any such assignment to a person not a resident citizen of the United States shall be void. This is equivalent to a total prohibition of every English or foreign work of which the copyright may have been assigned to an American citizen and resident. There are seventy-three signers to this petition, headed by **Theodore D. Woolsey**, and among the other signers the most noted are **Edward Everett Hale**, J. G. **Holland**, **Mary Mapes Dodge**, C. L. **Brace**, Dr. **Austin Flint** and Dr. **Austin Flint**, Jun., Dr. J. C. **Dalton**, T. S. **Arthur**, and several Philadelphia publishers.

The petition argues against the attainment of the same object by treaty. This is unfortunate, because the reasons that have prevented legislation hitherto would probably be as effective now, and because the subject is one more adapted to treaty settlement. Especially is it unfortunate because already, upon the petition of the great body of American authors and publishers, the project of a treaty in accord with a memorial of the chief English authors has been informally submitted to the British Board of Trade, and has been favorably received by them. The provisions of the treaty are not substantially different, except in two points, from those of the draft of law submitted by the petition laid before the House. The treaty permits printing from stereotype plates made abroad. Should this be found to be inconvenient, an increase of duty upon such plates, by an amendment of the tariff, would be the simple and easy remedy.

The treaty, also, instead of peremptorily prohibiting the importation of foreign books which may have been copyrighted in this country, leaves them to the operation of existing laws, or of such as may be found to be expedient. There are some minor differences of detail in time and methods, but they are not so serious as to make it desirable, for the attainment of a reasonable provision for international copyright, that a movement so auspiciously begun should have been traversed by an effort which necessarily threatens the result sought. The desirability of an international copyright in some form, and to a practicable degree, is conceded. The question of the abstract right of the author is waived, and the most illustrious English authors, **Carlyle**, **Huxley**, **Herbert Spencer**, **Froude**, **Ruskin**, **Darwin**, **Hooker**, **Hughes**, the late **John Stuart Mill** and **G. H. Lewes**, with many others, unite with **Emerson**, **Longfellow**, **Bancroft**, **Holmes**, **Whittier**, **Mrs. Stowe**, **Boker**, **Asa Gray**, **Hayne**, **Lanier**, **Howells**, **Warner**, Mark Twain, and others, in asking for an arrangement which, under fair conditions for all interests involved, shall assure the author's copyright on both sides of the sea.

The waiving of the abstract question of right, and the substantial identity of conditions, with the exceptions mentioned, leave only the question of a choice of procedure to obtain the result. The first consideration is promptitude, and upon this point the experience of bills in Congress for this purpose is full of instruction. They have all failed because the question is international, and is consequently more conveniently settled by treaty. Joint consultation of trusted and experienced representatives of all interests—the reader, the author, and the publisher—is a natural preliminary condition of a satisfactory understanding and arrangement. A treaty, as an article in the *Literary World* of December 4 points out, is a bargain by which, in this case, England must give something. An act of Congress securing copyright to a foreigner is, indeed, an invitation to other nations to reciprocate. But it is no more. It does not bind them; and to condition our grant upon their possible grant hereafter is obviously not a method which would be adopted by those who sincerely desire to secure the proposed object. We can see no advantage from an international copyright to the American public and to American authors, as well as to those of other countries, which would not be very much more promptly and surely obtained by a treaty than by the action of Congress. And since the terms of a treaty are already most favorably regarded by English as well as by the great body of American authors and publishers, and as we believe the governments of both countries are well disposed, not only to some arrangement, but to the general stipulations of this treaty, and as the failure of a treaty could not prejudice a subsequent act of Congress, should such an act be thought advisable, we repeat our regret that a movement which, under the circumstances, is virtually a counter-movement, should threaten to throw the whole subject into embarrassment, and to defeat the justice which we had hoped might be done to foreign authors.

CHARLES READE ON INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT.

The New York *Tribune* of December 15 published a thoughtful and important letter from **Charles Reade**, addressed to the American Minister to England, in response to a request for his opinion on the scheme for international copyright lately approved by American authors and publishers. Mr. **Reade** finds in this scheme two leading propositions, viz., 1st, the book to be manufactured in the country granting copyright, by a subject or citizen; 2d, this to be done within three months after the original publication of the book in the country of the author, etc.

To the first of these propositions Mr. **Reade** gives unqualified assent. He says:

> "Authors have a moral right to be paid for their compositions in every nation where the vehicle is paid for and the combination is sold, not given away; but they have no moral claim, that I am aware of, to create and sell the vehicle in a distant land, and if they have no such right, still less can their native publishers—mere occasional assignees of copyright—pretend to acquire a right from authors which authors themselves do not claim. The United States is a protectionist nation, and it would be egotistical and childish of English authors to expect that nation to depart from its universal policy, and to make an exception in favor of authors and their mere occasional assignees. Our cry is 'No partiality!' To ask you to deviate from your universal policy would be to ask for 'some partiality.'"

We have reason to believe that Mr. **Reade's** opinion on this point is also that of nearly every other prominent author in England, as it is that of a large majority of American authors. But Mr. **Reade** objects to the second proposition, on the ground that it rests on "no basis of universal equity or of uniform national policy." He adds: "But three months to transact the sale of the composition and also create the vehicle is a very forced sale. Habits are strong, and this proviso would encourage the bad habit the treaty professes to cure, instead of stimulating a good one. It would turn all the publishers on both sides the water into **Lot's** wives, hankering after dear old piracy, and longing to put the clock on three months. By hanging back during that short period they might drive even popular authors into a corner." But rightly surmising that the scheme presented is only tentative, and in the nature of suggestion, Mr. **Reade** goes on to say:

> "If your government has foreseen that it is certain to be abused, and to render the whole treaty more or less illusory, *and therefore intends to control it by some other clause, that is another matter*. If not, and the proviso has been incautiously inserted with the reasonable desire to protect the public against a foreign author's refusal to sell his copyright at all, or on reasonable terms, the whole case would be met by an additional clause giving the foreign author or proprietor the right to apply to the judges in banco for an extension of the term, on the ground that he had offered the copyright, or a share in it, or the use of it, but had been unable to obtain terms corresponding in any degree with his market value at home. The judges to have the right to receive written evidence, less strict than a jury would require, and to extend the term, or authorize the foreign proprietor to publish through a native agent, or afford some other relief, under the vital conditions of the treaty."

Mr. **Reade** will be gratified to learn that his suggestion has been anticipated by the American house which has had this matter in charge. Perceiving the injustice which an author might suffer under the operation of this clause, it is proposed to supplement it with the provision that after the expiration of the three months the foreign author shall still be entitled to demand copyright from any publisher who shall reprint his book. This will not only secure the author in the possession of all his rights, but tend to prevent all the other evils which Mr. **Reade** anticipates from the operation of the clause as it was presented to him.

"BEN D' YMION."

The sale of *Endymion* has been astonishingly large; 60,000 copies of the "Franklin Square Library" edition were called for in a fortnight. As Lord **Beaconsfield** is a sensationalist, it was natural that the book should be the sensation of the moment. A London journal paid $5000 for a copy a day or two in advance of publication, and *Endymion* was a subsequent day's wonder. But the English like the American press finds it hard to treat it seriously, and the most significant illustration of the real feeling about Lord **Beaconsfield** is afforded by the fact that such a book, published by an ex-Prime Minister at seventy-five, does not affect the general estimate of him in the least.

Long ago **Thackeray** travestied *Coningsby* in *Codlingsby*—a debt which **Disraeli** is supposed to pay off in the character of St. Barbe in *Endymion*, which is no more suggestive of **Thackeray** than of **Walter Scott**. **Bret Harte** parodied *Lothair*, and now *Punch*, in which **Thackeray's** *Prize Novelists* appeared, has burlesqued *Endymion*. Yet it is hardly burlesque, as the following extract will show. The peculiar *tone* of **Disraeli** is admirably reproduced in it. It is called extracts from *Ben D' Ymion*:

> "Semolina was the Empress of London, of fashion, and of the Tory party. She was always at home to her intimates, so she did not get much exercise; at this moment she was reclining on a brilliant sofa, a majestic footstool at her feet, supported by romantic cushions.
>
> "In a low chair just in front of her, with bib and pinafore on, and catching up every word that fell from her lips, sat a Great Personage. A couple of bishops and a cabinet minister were playing at cat's-cradle in an alcove; while, more remote, some dames of high degree were surrounded by cavaliers of ancient lineage, whose every word was a *bonmot*, and every movement a whole volume of society etiquette. Servants glided about in muffled skates over the shining parquette, distributing sherry-cobblers and gin-cocktails to the visitors, while at half-minute intervals mysterious and noble-looking strangers appeared at the door, flew to Semolina's outstretched palm, imprinted an impassioned kiss on her jewelled finger, and then suddenly vanished into air!
>
> "'What I want you to see,' said Semolina, 'only you're so incurably obtuse, is that reaction is the law of life, that you can't get on without the Temple and the Bar, that the introduction of Gas will be fatal to the Crown, that Public Opinion is all humbug, that changes are likely to happen unless things go on as they are, and that on the Eve of change Adamantine Fortitude is imperatively demanded. I hope you clearly follow me?'
>
> "But the Great Personage had fallen fast asleep, and was snoring. Semolina was disgusted.
>
> "'The age of Liberalism has come!' she exclaimed; and kicking the low chair from under the Great Personage, bounced out of the apartment, and slammed the portal behind her."

SIGNS OF THE TIMES.

We are glad to see on all sides adhesion to the declaration of the last National Republican platform, "that the reform of the civil service should be thorough, radical, and complete,.... and that Congress shall so legislate that fitness ascertained by proper practical tests shall admit to the public service."

The leading Democratic press in the country goes farther in this direction than the Republican Convention was willing to go, and many of the ablest Republican journals are in hearty accord with it. The intensely Republican Vermont House of Assembly passes resolutions of cordial approval of the reform, and urges the Vermont Senators and Representatives in Congress to support it, and the intensely Democratic House in South Carolina strongly advocates it. The Michigan Conference of Unitarian churches has printed a paper upon the subject for distribution as a tract, and the Missouri Congregational Association earnestly favors the reform, and invites the National Council to consider whether at its approaching meeting it ought not "to make an emphatic utterance upon this subject." Amid such expressions of opinion and of the tendency of public feeling, Mr. **Willis**, of Kentucky, introduces a bill in the House of Representatives providing for competitive examinations, promotion, and removal only for legitimate cause, Senator **Pendleton** offers a comprehensive bill in the Senate, the National Board of Trade declares for the reform, and the Civil Service Reform Association in New York is in correspondence for the formation of similar associations elsewhere.

These are unmistakable signs of the times. If, as many critics are fond of saying, the reform of President **Hayes** is a monstrous "fraud" and a fatal blow to the cause, it will be conceded that a cause which swiftly advances under such smothering frauds and fatal blows is destined to a great victory. The more the light of inquiry is turned upon the subject, the more reform is seen to be not only simple and practicable, but inevitable. When a sound measure of reform comes fairly into discussion in this country, its success is but a question of time.

"PASTORAL DAYS."

The *Pastoral Days* of Mr. W. **Hamilton Gibson**, the exquisite fine-art gift book of which we spoke last week, has made a deep impression as the most beautiful work of the kind ever issued in America. The *Evening Post* speaks as other journals speak in saying:

> "The chief among the year's fine-art books, the very finest and most utterly satisfactory of the volumes upon which artistic efforts have been lavishly expended, is, beyond question, Mr. W. **Hamilton Gibson's** *Pastoral Days; or, Memories of a New England Year*. Scant as our space is, we must endeavor, in the interest of all really appreciative lovers of art and of the worthiest book-making, to give briefly such hints of the quality of *Pastoral Days* as will induce them to examine the volume for themselves."

After describing the "author-artist" as a poet, the *Post* adds what we gladly reproduce as of our own knowledge of the "press-artist," Mr. **David W. Lewis**:

> "Another artist, whose name is nowhere given, has contributed to the charm of the result. That artist's name is **David Lewis**. He passes his days in the press-rooms of **Harper & Brothers**, amid the clatter of the printing-machines, engaged in the grimy work of his office. He is that unknown personage who is called—for want of knowledge of his proper name—'the printer'; and for forty years this man of large intelligence, accomplished skill, and exquisitely cultivated taste has given his energies and his thought to the work of printing books perfectly. His business is as truly an art as any other in the world is, and he is a master of it, as the results of his efforts continually show.
>
> "Upon this particular book, with its extreme and even dangerous delicacy of engraving, Mr. **Lewis** has manifestly expended very earnest thought and very particular effort. There are engravings here out of which a very good printer might easily have made complete botches, so delicate are the effects, and so difficult are many of them to print. Mr. **Lewis** has printed them with so dexterous skill and so keen a sympathy with the artist and the engravers that a careful comparison of his results with some engravers' hand-proofs which we have at hand shows them to be in every case equal, in some cases positively superior, to those proofs. It is this comparison which fills us with admiration for the rare skill and artistic taste of the printer, and prompts us thus to depart from the usual practice of reviewers to pay this tribute to the worth of a man whom we have never seen, and whom we know only in his work."

GENERAL PORTER RELIEVED BY THE SENATE.

The case of General **Fitz-John Porter** was brought up in the Senate by Senator **Randolph** in a modified form, and there was evidently a change of opinion, which was deplored by Senator **Logan**, the most strenuous opponent of the bill for the relief of General **Porter**. Senator **Dawes** offered a substitute authorizing the President at his discretion, within eighteen months of the passage of the bill, and with the consent of the Senate, to appoint General **Porter** to the army, but to a position of no higher rank than Colonel, on the retired list, and without compensation for the time since his dismissal. The substitute was passed by a strict party vote, and not until Senator **Logan** had declared that General **Porter** was no more worthy to be in the army than **Jeff Davis**, and that had he been in the Army of the Tennessee, he would have been shot for his offense.

So far as the Senate is concerned, the stigma upon the name of General **Porter** is removed, and the justice of the opinion of the **Schofield** board is confirmed.

PERSONAL.

The death of Miss **Mary Addington** may serve to remind readers of Mr. **Trevelyan's** admirable *Early History of Charles James Fox*, recently published by **Harper & Brothers**, how near and yet how far we are from the great period of English history of which he treats. Miss **Addington** was the niece of **Pitt's** lieutenant, who afterward became Lord **Sidmouth**, and who was himself the son of **Chatham's** doctor. Thus three generations take us back to the time when **Charles Fox** was beginning his career, and **Chatham** was at the height of his fame. But they are exceptionally long generations. The **Addingtons** are a long-lived family, for Miss **Addington** was ninety-one years old, and Lord **Sidmouth** was eighty-eight when he died, some six-and-thirty years ago.

—Sir **Edward Thornton's** son, who is going into diplomacy, goes frequently to the Capitol, at Washington, to gain instruction in republican methods of government. Sir **Edward** is soon to be succeeded by Mr. **Francis Clare Ford**, who was secretary of legation at Washington twelve years ago.

—The total of the late **Samuel Williston's** gifts to the Williston Seminary, at East Hampton, Massachusetts, will amount to $850,000 when the provisions of the will are fully carried out.

—It costs a trifle more to be Lord Mayor of London than to be Mayor of New York. Sir **Francis Trascott**, the late Lord Mayor, entertained 12,000 visitors during his year of office at breakfasts, dinners, and luncheons, and 5000 at other entertainments. During the last twenty years there has been no Mayor of New York who has impoverished himself by dinner-giving or by public hilarity of any sort. There seems to be a preference for saving the salary.

—The son of ex-Senator **Stockton**, of New Jersey, has just received the gold medal provided by an act of Congress for feats of conspicuous bravery in rescuing persons from drowning. Mr. **Stockton**, at the imminent peril of his life, and after the most gallant exertions, brought safely ashore at Long Branch a Mr. **Clapp**, of New Orleans, then a visitor at the West End Hotel.

—Among the evening papers of the country one of the most enterprising and thoroughly well edited is the Boston *Evening Journal*. It has just appeared in a new dress of nonpareil type, and is printed on one of **Hoe's** web perfecting presses, which a Saturday or two ago printed and folded one hundred and sixteen thousand impressions of the *Journal* and Supplement. Under the management of Mr. W. W. **Clapp**, the *Journal* has become one of the foremost papers of the country.

—The first number of the London edition of **Harper's Magazine** was put through the press with a celerity that rather astonished our English cousins. A large part of the Literary Record, including an elaborate critical review of **Tennyson's** last volume, and the whole of the Historical Record, was written on Wednesday, November 24; the last "copy" was in compositors' hands at six o'clock on the evening of that day; and on Saturday, November 27, the whole edition of 15,000 copies was on the market. A complete copy was ready only nineteen hours after the last copy was handed in, and but fourteen after the last page was corrected. This was very quick and creditable work for compositors, printers, and binders, even with Yankee management and push behind them.

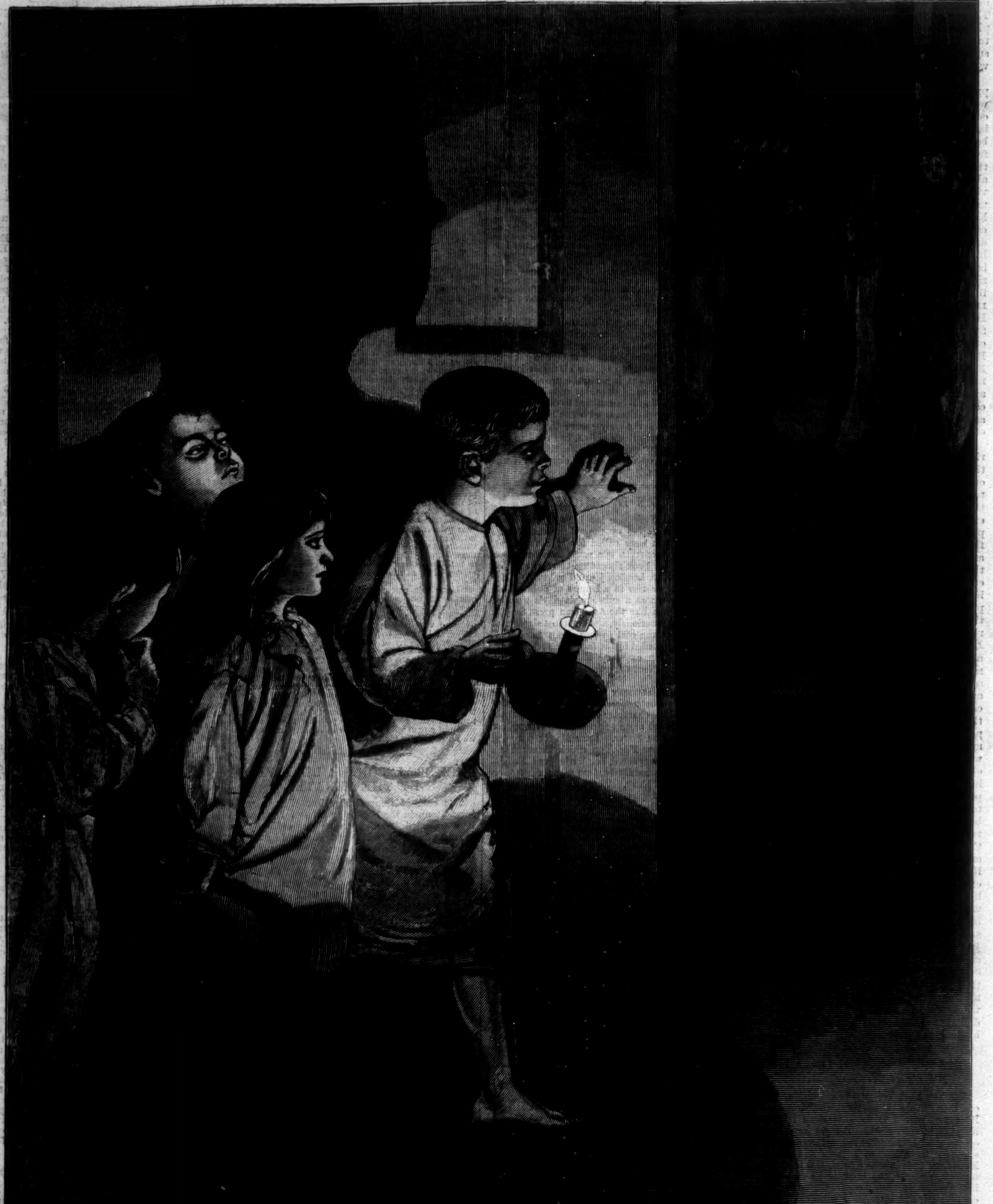
—Captain **Miles Standish** was shaken by the hand, a few days since, by a Maine correspondent of the *Tribune*, who describes him as a man about forty, a "chunky, blue-eyed, rosy-faced, genial fellow, who is waiting for a new schooner now building for him here. He is a lineal descendant of the great original. He has a nephew of the same stock, who, being named after the great man of Plymouth Rock also, spells his name '**Myles**,' like his ancestor. Either this Captain **Miles**, or one of the same name (I think this one, though), went to a public entertainment here two or three years ago. He sat down side by side with **John Alden**, from somewhere up near Augusta, who was a lineal descendant of the original **John**. The two men did not know each other, but a mutual friend introduced them."

—For a man sixty-two years of age, Mr. W. E. **Forster**, Secretary of State for Ireland, displays extraordinary physical vigor. In the execution of his office he seems indifferent to fatigue, and impervious to its effects. His manner of answering questions is short, to the point, and in extreme cases somewhat imperious. His ordinary voice, however, falls pleasantly upon the ear; it is that of a scholar and a gentleman; and when roused to an effort of oratory few men in the House are more impressive than the rough but accomplished Yorkshireman and worsted manufacturer. Five years ago he was at the zenith of his fame, and might have been Prime Minister of England but for his inveterate habit of shilly-shallying. He could not make up his mind that the party would follow him.

—It was stated by Mr. S. C. **Hall**, on retiring from the conduct of the *Art Journal*, that he was probably the longest in service of any one in Great Britain who had founded and successfully conducted a literary paper. Mr. **Robert Chambers**, in a paragraph in the London *Athenæum*, says: "In penning those words the venerable journalist must have forgotten the existence of my uncle, Dr. **William Chambers**, who started *Chambers's Journal* nearly forty-nine years ago, and still continues to conduct that magazine with unabated energy."

—The demand for Lord **Beaconsfield's** *Endymion* continues unabated, and the **Harpers** have just published a new issue of their "Franklin Square" edition, containing a key to the characters in the novel. There has been some discrepancy in the statement of the amount received by the author from the Messrs. **Longman** for the work, varying from £12,000 to £30,000. The London *World* states, "upon the highest authority," that the sum paid was £10,000.

—Mrs. **Lucy Hamilton Hooper** had the pleasure recently of bringing together under her hospitable roof in Paris **Edwin Booth** and the elder **Coquelin**, the distinguished comedian of the Théâtre Français. "Mr. **Booth**," she says, "was so very enthusiastic over the acting of **Coquelin** in *L'Aventurière* that he could not bear to leave Paris without being presented to him. On the other hand, **Coquelin** was equally anxious to meet the most distinguished of American actors, and so the matter was easily arranged. The interview was exceedingly interesting, not only to the participants, but to myself as a by-stander. The two great actors might have sat for a personification of Tragedy and Comedy—**Coquelin**, bland, close-shaven, with close-cropped brown hair, twinkling eyes, cocked-up nose, and round, jolly-looking face; and **Booth**, dark, grave, and Spanish-looking, with his wonderful melancholy eyes, finely cut features, and jet-black hair just touched with gray. My office as interpreter was well-nigh a sinecure, as the two eked out their scanty words with such expressive gestures and swift changes of facial expression that language seemed almost superfluous. **Booth** pleased **Coquelin** greatly by expressing a strong desire to act with him, as he had formerly done with **Bogumil Dawison** and **Janauschek**, the foreign artists, of course, playing in their own language. On reference being made to *Othello*, **Coquelin** declared that he did not much admire the character of the Moor (he was too *bête*, he said), but that he desired, above all things, to play Iago. 'Othello is a fool,' he remarked, 'whereas Iago is the very incarnation of intellect.' 'Then,' replied **Booth**, 'if ever you come to America, M. **Coquelin**, I will play Othello to your Iago with all the pleasure in the world.' To this proposition the great French actor assented warmly. So it is not impossible that in a few years' time the play-going public of New York will be afforded this novel dramatic treat." It is not at all improbable that at the close of his London season Mr. **Booth** will appear with an English company in Paris.



CHRISTMAS MORNING—LOOKING FOR SANTA CLAUS.—Drawn by Frank Miller.—[See Poem on Page 6.]

POSSUM FAT And SIMMON BEER
KRISMUS COME but ONCE A·YEAR

A 'POSSUM HUNT IN OLD VIRGINIA.—Drawn by W. L. Sheppard.

A DREADFUL DOUBT.

See illustration on page 4.

A GREWSOME doubt is in the air—
'Tis solemn Tim who fills the chair;
With many an awful pause
He says, "Oh, children, large and small,
I hear that they've deceived us all:
There is no Santa Claus."
The chimney sprite
He heard the tale,
He sped away
O'er hill and dale.
Ho, Santa Claus!
Ho, Santa Claus!
The children doubt their friend.

'Tis Christmas-eve, and all is still;
Each youngster, sore against his will,
Has been tucked up in bed.
The sand-man came and filled his eyes,
And every kind of vain surmise
Has long since left his head.
The chimney sprite
His watch he keeps,
He flits about
While each one sleeps.
Ho, Santa Claus!
Ho, Santa Claus!
Your treasures come and spend.

But long before the morning light
Each pair of eyes is open bright.
Says Tim, "Let's go below;
By candle-light we soon can see
If limp and lank the stockings be:
Why rest until we know?"
The chimney sprite
He laughs aloud,
And watches now
The eager crowd.
Ho, Santa Claus!
Ho, Santa Claus!
See what the children find.

Old Santa Claus is on the roof—
A nail has hurt his reindeer's hoof;
He hears the youngsters' shout;
He lays his finger on his nose,
And shows his shining teeth in rows,
To think what they're about.
The chimney sprite
He shakes with glee;
The children now
From doubt are free.
Ho, Santa Claus!
Ho, Santa Claus!
Old graybeard good and kind.

[Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 1251, Vol. XXIV.]

CHRISTOWELL.

A Dartmoor Tale.

BY R. D. BLACKMORE,

AUTHOR OF "MARY ANERLEY," "LORNA DOONE," "CRIPPS, THE CARRIER," ETC.

CHAPTER IV.

LARK'S COT.

CHRISTOWELL village (in full view of which the horse, cart, and driver had rested so long) affords to the places above it, or below, fair plea for contemplation. Many sweet beauties of tempered clime flower the skirts of the desolate moor, and the sweetest of these is Christowell. Even the oldest inhabitant can not, to the best of his recollection, say whether he ever did hear tell that the place was accounted beautiful. He knoweth that picture-men do come, and set up three-legged things, and stand as grave as judges to make great maps, like them that be hanging in the school-room; but he never yet hath known any odds to come of it; the rocks abide the same as if they never had been drawed, and the trees—you may look for yourself, and say whether they have fetched another apple. For when the Lord rested on Saturday night, His meaning was not that the last of His works should fall to and make strokes of the rest of them.

Sound sense of such lofty kind is the great gift of this village. Every man here would be contented, if he only had his due; failing of that, he keeps his merit to the mark of his wages by doing his day's work gently. If a neighbor gets more than himself, he tries hard to believe that the man should have earned it; and even his wife is too good to declare what she thinks of the woman next door to her. Among themselves sometimes they manage to fall out very cordially; but let anybody sleeping out of the parish, have an unbecoming word to say of his betters who are inside it, and if he walks there, without a magistrate behind him, scarcely shall he escape from the sheep-wash corner in the lower ham.

For a beautiful brook of crystal water, after tumbling by the Captain's cot, makes its own manner of travelling here, rarely allowing the same things to vex it, or itself to complain of the same thing, twice. From crags, and big deserts, and gorges full of drizzle, it has scrambled some miles without leisure for learning self-control or patience. And then it comes suddenly, round a sharp corner, into the quiet of Christowell, whose church is the first work of man it has seen, except that audacious cottage. Then a few little moderate slips, which are nothing compared with its higher experience, lead it with a murmur to a downright road, and a ford where men have spread it gently, and their boys catch minnows. Here it begins to be clad with bushes, and to be curbed by jutting trees, and lintelled by planks for dear gossip and love; for cottages on either bank come down, and neighbors full of nature inhabit them.

Happy is the village that has no street, and seldom is worried by the sound of wheels. Christowell keeps no ceremonial line of street, or road, or even lane, but goes in and out, as the manner of the land may be, or the pleasure of the landlords. Still, there is a place where deep ruts grow, because of having soft rock under them; and this makes it seem to be the centre of the village, and a spot where two carts meet sometimes, for the public-house is handy. Once upon a time two carts met here, and here they spent a summer's day, both being driven by obstinate men, who were not at all their owners. Neither would budge from his own rut, and the horses for several hours rubbed noses, or cropped a little grass, while the men lay down. Being only first cousins, these men would not fight, as they must have done if they had been brothers. Yet neither of them would disgrace his county—fair mother of noble stubbornness—by any mean compromise or weak concession; so they waited until it grew dark, and then with a whistle of good-will began to back away together, and as soon as they found room to turn, went home to supper from a well-spent day.

But such a fine treat and stir of interest was rare, and the weather was the only thing that could be trusted for supplying serious diversion. Herein nobody was wronged of subject; for the weather was so active that the hardest-working man could spend his time in watching it. No sooner had he said that it must be fine than, ere he could catch up his spade again, it was flying in his face, and he was eating his own words. Herein alone was variety enough to satisfy people of contented heart. For scarcely ever did the same things look the same for two hours together.

Upon a day of well-conducted weather, beginning brightly in the morning, a stranger newly arrived from town may feed and gaze alternately. At sunrise he is in bed, of course, largely saving the disappointment which the lavish promise of the east might bring. But even at eight of an average morning, when he wants his breakfast, the world is spread before him well, with soft light flowing up the plains, and tracing lines of trees and bends of meadow. He stands, or sits down to his bacon and eggs, twelve hundred feet above sea-level, with fair land and bright water spreading three-fourths of the circle around him. To the east, some five leagues off, are the dark square towers of Exeter cathedral, backed by the hazy stretches of Black-down; on the right are glimpses of the estuary of Exe, from Powderham castle toward Starcross. Outside them, and beyond, and overlapping every landmark, the broad sweep of the English Channel glistens or darkens with the moods above it, from the Dorset headlands to the Start itself. Before he has time to make sure of all this, the grand view wavers and the colors blend; some parts retire, and some come nearer; and lights and shadows flow and flit, like the wave and dip of barley feathering to a gentle July breeze. The lowland people descry herein the shadow of the forest, as they call it; and the "Dartymorevolk," looking down upon them, are proud to have such a long "tail to the moor."

For the line of the land is definite here, as the boundary of a parish is. In many other parts it is not so, and the moor slopes off into farm-land; but here, like the fosse of an old encampment, the scarp of the moor is manifest. Over this that well-fed stream, the Christow, takes a rampant leap, abandoning craggy and boggy cradle, desolate nurture, and rudiments of granite, for a country of comparative ease, where it learns the meaning of a meadow. And its passage from rude into civilized life occurs in the garden of the "Captain." Brief is its course, and quickly run; for in the morass where it first draws breath three other rivers of wider fame arise and go their several ways, and one of them, after twenty miles of crooked increase round the north, quietly absorbs poor Christow brook, and makes no gulp of acknowledgment. Without wasting one pebble in calculation, or a single furrow upon forethought, the merry brook hurries to whatever may befall it, and never fails to babble of whatever comes across it.

Now it happened that the vicar of the parish, Mr. Short, was a "highly temperate" man, as all who love cold water are supposed to be, although they may love many other things therewith. No sooner had he seen Master Pugsley up the hill, with a strong shove to second old Teddy's motion, than he left those two to go in and deliver the relics of their cargo, and their own excuses. "Do'e come in now, and break it to the Cappen," the carrier vainly pleaded to him; "do'e, like a dear good minister." "Tell your own lies your own way," the parson answered, pleasantly; "if I were there, I should have to contradict you." "How partikkler you be—outzide of the pulpit!" said Pugsley, with a sigh, yet a grin at his own wit.

Well seasoned to such little jokes, the vicar looked at him seriously, so that the carrier felt sorry for his wit; and then, with a smile, Mr. Short went back to the place where he had left his coat. This was just over against the pile of pots which had found the ground too hard, and had lost all tenure of it forever. Looking at these as he donned his coat, the parson said: "Ha! The newest, I believe, of that wonderful man's inventions! Let me take the liberty of looking at the fragments." This he soon accomplished to his heart's content, but failed to make head or tail of them, because he was not a born gardener. Then he took up a shord of one rounded side, and went down to the river with that for his cup. Not that he felt any thirst, although he had worked very hard—for a parson; but that a certain school of doctors had arisen, and said that every man who wished to live must take his cold pint every morning of his life. Some ten years later, every man, desirous to prolong himself and his family, was bound to take four gallons, shed outside him. And now he takes shivering claret inside.

For the nostrums of the moment Mr. Short cared little; but people had praised him for liking now and then a draught of cold water, and this made him try to do it. With his slip of pantile, as he called it (in large ignorance of garden-ware), he passed through a gap in the hedge of the lane, and walked down to the brook, and scooped up a little drink.

Assuring himself how delicious it was, he was going to pitch the shord into the stream, when he spied on its inner rim certain letters, invisible until the cloam was wetted.

"What a queer thing! And how could it have been done?" he thought, as he began to peer more closely; and then he made out the words, "Pole's patent." He tried it several times, and he turned it several ways, but nothing else was to be made of it. And presently his own surprise surprised him, for what was there marvellous in the matter? Nothing whatever, but it was rather queer that the brand should be inside the pot (which must have required a convex mould), and the name not that of Mr. Arthur, although the design was entirely his, as Mr. Short knew from having seen the drawings.

"What a blessing for me that I am not gifted with much curiosity!" said the vicar to himself, as he turned the last corner of the lane and sat down by the Captain's gate, to wait till the carrier's job was done. "Nine out of ten of my brother clerks would have it on their conscience to rout up this question. A mystery in one's own parish is a pest, when the man at the bottom of it comes to church. Otherwise one might wash one's hands. But this man is honest and God-fearing and a gentleman, and the only one fit to smoke a pipe with in the parish."

Mr. Short sighed, for he liked his fellow-men, and was partly cut off from them by his condition, or at least by his own view of it, though many of the moorland pastors still looked after their flock in a gregarious manner, not disdaining their assemblages at the public-house sometimes. "Our mysterious friend," he continued, as he gazed, "not only has a very large amount of taste, but also much strategic power. How well he has made his garden fit the stream, so that the stream seems to follow the garden! Grass in the proper place, beds in the proper place, and trees planted cleverly to drink the water, and flourish like the righteous man! But greatest device of all, and noblest because of its pure simplicity, the safeguard against morning calls, and the check to inquisitive ladies—for instance, Lady Touchwood. How I should like to know that man's history! Hi, there, Pugsley! Give me a lift over. I can't jump as I used to do."

A man's resemblance to a tree has been discovered, and beautifully descanted upon—from nethermost tail of tap-root to uttermost twig and split sky-leaf—by hundreds of admirable poets. But thoroughly as these have worked out the subject, they seem to have missed one most striking analogy. A man (like a tree) can have no avail of comfort unless there belongs to him the margin of a brook to part him from the brambles, and the ruffle, and the jostle of the multitudinous thicket of the world.

"Lark's cot," as Mr. Arthur's home was called by the natives, and even by himself at last, was gifted with a truly desirable brook—the Christow, as aforesaid. The cot stood about a mile above the village, under a jagged tor, known as "the Beacon," and in a southeastern embrasure of the moor. This lonely, quiet, and delightful spot looked as if it ought to have no road to it, or at any rate none to go any further. Upon its own merits, indeed, it never would have earned or even claimed a road; but it fell into the way of one by a "causal haxident," as Devonshire people term it. For it happened that one of the feeders of the main Roman road across the desert helped itself up the steep labor of the heights by the crooked balustrade of the Christow brook. This lane every now and then cold-shouldered the merriment of the brook with a stiff dry hedge, and feigned to have nothing to do with it; yet times there were, and as much as a fortnight of Sundays in a downright season, when lane and brook made exchange of duty as lightly as two parsons do. And the public, so faithful to variety it proves, was pleased in this case as it is in the other, and after a while found a new charm in recurring to its veteran and inveterate ruts.

But in moderate weather and decent seasons the Christow keeps to its natural bed, strewn with bright pebbles, and pillowed with rock. Through the garden of the Captain its glittering run is broken by some little zigzags of delay and many laughing tumbles, at one of which it does some work, by turning a wheel, when driven to it. And when the gardener's day is done, and the sun is gone to the western world, while the apple with uplifted and the pear with pensive eye stand forth of their dim leafage in the rounding of the light, then down here by the fluid steps and twinkling passage of the stream a bench is hung with clematis and tented round with roses, for leisure, and the joy of rest, and bliss of admiration.

Now dwelling here, and seeing how the land was in his favor, the Captain helped the hand of nature to secure his quietude. The cliff on the west of his garden had offered possibility of descent to ladies of clear head and strong ankle. This bad temptation he soon removed by a few charges of rock-powder; and then toward the north, where the ground was softer, he planted a brake of the large-flowered gorse, having thorns of stiff texture and admirable teeth. The bloom of this was brighter than the fairest maiden's tresses, even of the now most fashionable ochre, and the rustle of the wind among the tufts was softer than the sweetest silvery nonsense.

Thus he well established ramparts, solid and spinous, all about his rear; and then he had leisure to improve his front and eastern flank toward the village. Nature had defended these fairly and honestly enough by sending a nice water-course around them. Still there were lapses in the vigilance of the brook, where a lady, with her skirts up, might flip through, or even with a downward run spring over; and having much experience of the world, he knew how slow they are to hesitate, with curiosity behind them. So with a powerful spade and a stout dredging-rake he made good those weak places; and then looking round with glad defiance, suddenly espied at his very threshold a traitorous inroad, a passage for the evil one. For here was a series of wicked stepping-stones coming across a shallow width of water, as old as the hills, and looking quite as steadfast. Strictly heeding these, and probing vigorously with a crowbar, he found one toward the further side which was loose in its socket, like a well-worn tooth; and after a little operation, he contrived to leave a fine gap in the series. Curiosity on tiptoe might come thus far, but without winged toes or wading boots was sure of catching cold if it came any further. Thus a gentleman's wife, from a parish down below, who kept the spy-glass of the neighborhood, was obliged to stop there, and at once pronounced him a vastly superior and most interesting man, but undoubtedly a noted criminal.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE HEAD WAITER.

BY F. W. ROBINSON,

AUTHOR OF "GRANDMOTHER'S MONEY," "POOR HUMANITY," "COWARD CONSCIENCE," ETC.

CHAPTER I.

JACOB'S COURTSHIP.

THEY all said I was an old fool. There was not one at the Apollo of a different opinion. I was a "precious old fool," some of them even added, and *they* thought themselves nearer to the mark. I was not certain in my "heart of hearts," as the saying is, that I was doing anything particularly wise. God knows, for the matter of that, that I wasn't a wise man. Wise men were not likely to be numerous amongst the waiters at the Apollo music hall; we were a seedy, shaky, hand-to-mouth lot, and I was the head of them, and a mark for a little envy, evil-speaking, and general uncharitableness. One can not attain a good position over others—over waiters, especially—without some hard words being said behind his back; but I didn't care for them much. They were not true, they were not just, and Mr. Wheezy, the master, and Plantagenet, the manager, and Cadby, the chairman, knew that, and looked upon me as a trusty servant. Their good opinion was my reward for faithful service, for I was an honest man enough.

Still they thought also I was an old fool when I married Jessie Keane, and they said so with the rest. They did not know much about the case, or of the reasons for my marriage—it was only on the cards that I, a man of fifty-five years of age, and looking older than my years, had married a girl of seventeen. Yes, it looked a foolish trick enough, and I was not a wise man. Once again I say it here—I make no pretense of being one. I never had the common shrewdness of my class. A fool, sir, if you will, but an honest fool, that's all. Set that down in your mind too. It's as well, and it's only fair to me.

I married Jessie in this way. Her father had been an old friend of mine; he and I were brought up together at King Alfred's school in Warwickshire, where they gave us a good education, and a start in life, although both our starts happened to be particularly unlucky. He married early, set up in business, and failed; came to London, set up in business again, and failed again; buried his wife, died, and left me to bury him. John and I had never lost sight of each other; we had been stanch friends, old cronies, from the beginning to the end. I liked old John; I'm sure he found something to like in me. Both being unlucky men, there was a tie between us; we could compare notes of all our blunders and mistakes, and see where we missed our chances, or where the chances passed us by. I had set up in business, too, and failed, of course; my life has been an utter failure from the beginning to the end, and why I was born, and what good I have ever been, are subjects on which I ponder very much still.

My business failures, however, are not the theme of this relation. I begin from John's illness, when he was sick unto death, and every hour I could spare from the Apollo I spent at his side, grieving as for an only brother going from me.

"If I only knew what would become of Jessie!" John used to mourn; "if I could only see!"

"She will take care of herself," I said; "she is a shrewd little woman even now."

I was hardly speaking the truth, but I wanted to console him. I knew of many little faults in Jessie, although I thought she would grow out of them in the good time of a staider womanhood.

"What will she do?—oh, what will she do?" he cried, still inconsolable.

"There's her business to keep her mind employed—to keep her out of mischief."

Jessie was a shop-girl in a draper's firm in Oxford Street.

"Oh, but the going home at nights!" he said; "about there, too, where the streets are alive with bad men and women always, Jacob. And the house desolate, and she only seventeen!"

"Poor Jessie!"

"If"—I can see his big wistful gray eyes fixed upon me now—"if you would only take care of her."

"I am always out late," I replied. "She is too young to be in my house—no relation, as it were. Can not she live at the business altogether?"

"She won't, Jacob. She hates it already."

"Can't she— What are you looking at me like that for?"

"Can't you make her your wife, Jacob?" he said, huskily. "What's to hinder that? You are fond of Jessie—you always have been—and she is very fond of you."

"Yes, in her way. As her father's friend—as a second father."

"She is always talking of you; she can trust you," he went on. "You are not a hard, stern man, and are never without a kind word for her. You wouldn't like her to go wrong, left to herself so much."

"God forbid!"

"Take care of her, then," he said, "if you can see your way to it—pray do."

"I am fifty-five years of age, John."

"That does not matter," he answered. "She has no one to think about; it is not as if there was anybody in the way. She'd marry you to-morrow if you asked her, and be glad, too. She—"

"Don't say any more just now, John. I'll think it over. You have muddled me up dreadfully. She is so very young!"

"You can train her to anything. She has always done what you have told her, Jacob. She is not like one of your stubborn ones."

"No, no. I'll think it over."

And I did from that day. It is easy to see that I was not in love with Jessie Keane then—a crazy old man bent on breaking a girl's heart. I saw the folly of this ill-assorted match as clearly as anybody—more clearly, for I knew Jessie's faults and failings better than her father did. More times than I can reckon up I had disguised them from him. She *had* been like a little daughter to me many years, and a thought of marrying her had never come into my head until John Keane put it there. Then the scene changed, and the characters changed with it, and I became an old fool in my theories and affections, and whilst laboring under the delusion that I was doing a good turn to John, and that it might be for the best to consider him, I was falling fast in love with this young girl.

When her father became very weak and very anxious, I spoke to her. I told her of his wishes and my own, but I begged her to think it over very carefully, to act as her heart prompted her, and that these wishes were only those of two old fogies, who could not tell what was best for her. That I would make her a good husband she could rest assured; that she could make me a good wife she only knew herself. And above all, if for an instant she doubted that from such a match there could come any happiness, to get away from me as from some one with the plague, and never to mind me, or her father, or anybody else. I could not act fairer than this; I told her what had been talked about, and left her to a free consideration of it—I could do no more.

She would have answered me at once, and in the affirmative, and with a shower of tears upon my waistcoat, but I would not let her answer. "Think it over, Jessie," I said. "I am fifty-six next birthday."

"That isn't so dreadfully old, is it," she asked, "for a man?"

"It is a dreadfully old man for you," I answered—"going on for sixty, and," I added, with a sigh, "looking more than sixty, too."

"I'm sure you don't," she answered, almost indignantly.

"Oh, I know I do," I replied; "and so think it over, Jessie. Take a week—this day week. This day month, if you're the least bit doubtful."

"Very well."

"And if there should be anybody else," I stammered—"say, at the business, or over the way, or anywhere, you know—don't have me."

"Oh, nobody looks at me—not once in a blue moon. I'm only a shop-girl. Trust people for that," she cried, with a toss of her head.

"But—the young men in the shop," I suggested, timidly; "I *have* heard you laughing with your father about them."

"Cads!" said Jessie, contemptuously—"awful cads, who think they're good enough for countesses. I hate the lot."

She stamped her foot angrily, and I smiled and went away hopefully. Jessie would have told me the truth, I considered, if there had been any one in her thoughts. She was impetuous and vain, perhaps, but she knew how well she could trust old Jacob Durnford.

Possibly she knew it too well, and that deceived her. Poor woman, I think it did, now; though it is all very difficult to make out still, and terribly beyond me.

At the week's end she came to me, and put her arms round my neck, and said, with a little faltering voice that thrilled my old heart to its core,

"I have made up my mind, Jacob."

"To be my wife, Jessie—you mean that, then?" I cried.

"Yes, whenever you like to ask me."

Thus it was that Jessie and I agreed to be one, and that John Keane died in peace. We were married very shortly after that—it had been John's urgent wish; and then, as I have stated, they all said at the Apollo that I was "an old fool."

Again, I don't deny it; but it is fair to me to put down all my reasons for being so foolish, which I did not care to explain, and which I never explained, to the little tawdry world in which my lot was cast.

CHAPTER II.

"WEDDED BLISS."

I MUST say we were happy enough to begin with, that "May and December" jogged along amicably together. She was a woman—well, a child, if you will—who looked up to me, who believed that I was a good man, and fancied at times I was a clever one. This *was* only fancy, of course; but then I had been her father's friend, and John had sung my praises overmuch in his day, and Jessie had loved her father very dearly. Why, she was fretting for him on her wedding-day, but then the days were early yet of her great loss. We had married in haste, to repent at leisure; we might have had more respect for the old man, our neighbors and our lodgers said. They did not know what the father's wish had been, and we never cared to tell them.

Oh yes, happy. It is like a dream now, maybe, but it *was* happiness, and it seemed inclined to last, in spite of all the doleful prophecies which had been made concerning us. Jessie went to her business just the same as ever: a waiter's salary was scanty pay, and hers helped to lighten the housekeeping for the first six months. We had two rooms on the second floor of a turning out of Holborn—I will call it Rudge Street—and here on Sundays, and late at night on week-days, after I had made up the Apollo receipts, there was no happier home than ours. Perhaps it was before the six months—nay, it might have been five (my head is weak for dates)—that Jessie grew a little dissatisfied and reckless. I have said already she was of an impetuous disposition, easy to disturb, but easy to please. A mere child, Jessie Durnford, even in her married estate.

I remember her coming in one day at tea-time very well, if I forget the date. It is all memorable to me, every look of her, and every word she uttered.

She took off her bonnet and pitched it unceremoniously across the room; and her mantle followed it—missed the sofa at which it was aimed, and fell upon the floor. She was very pretty in her petulance; her cheeks were flushed, and her eyes sparkling with anger.

"There! I have seen the last of old Miller's shop, and old Miller himself, and old Miller's gang," she cried, "and I don't go back any more—never any more."

"What has happened?"

"Oh, nothing has happened—at least nothing that you'd care to hear," she said; "it doesn't concern you, Jacob, at all."

"I should care to hear of anything in which you were interested," I ventured to remark.

"Ah! yes—but I'm not interested. Only, mind you, I hate the lot of 'em."

"Have they—have they found out you are married?"

That was a secret which we had kept to ourselves so far as Miller's shop-folk were concerned. Mr. Miller had an objection to married women behind the counter, and we had both thought it was as well not to tell them at the business, so we started in an underhand way, and no luck came of it. It never does, people say; but I know better than that. I have seen too much of the awful world to believe in that now; but here it was, certainly, as if bad luck had followed us a bit.

"No—they haven't found out anything, and so don't worry me."

"I should like to know," I said, perhaps a little too persistently.

"Then you won't," she answered, quickly; "it isn't worth knowing—it's nothing to do with you, I tell you. But before I stand any more of that stingy skinflint's cheek"—Jessie could be a little slangy in excited moments, although "quite the lady" as a rule—"I'll sell halfpenny newspapers or pipe-lights in the street. Who's he, to order people about, I should like to know? And I won't be ordered about and scolded and preached to by anybody."

"Preached to?"

"Well," she explained, "told to command my temper, and be respectful to my superiors, and civil to the customers, and all that bosh. And I—I'll never go back again as long as I live. Never, never, never."

And here Jessie finally gave way to a torrent of hysterical tears, and it required all my efforts to soothe her, and all my entreaties to bring about a calmer state of things.

This was the end of Jessie's shop life, coming to an end with a wrench, and when we did not expect it. Jessie acted very suddenly at times, and not always for the best. Not that this was for the worse. Knowing now a little more about it, I may say it was for the best that she should leave Miller's shop in Oxford Street. She did not tell me the cause of the quarrel with her employers. She would not be teased by my questions; they made her angry, they made her cry again, and it *was* no business of mine. Having tried to consider it was not my business, I gave in, and presently forgot I had been curious about it. Jessie was an industrious, energetic girl; she was sure she should not be any extra expense to me, and there was plenty of work to be got at home, without that hideous shop life, as she termed it. She obtained work as she had prophesied; she soon became a clever dressmaker, having considerable taste, and being very handy with the needle, and by degrees a little connection came round her, and she earned for a while more money than I did.

For a while, I say, for presently a little girl was born to us. When I was fifty-six years of age, I felt that it was an odd, proud, novel feeling to become a father, and that it would take time to understand my position clearly. I was not like Jessie—I always took time to think a matter out. I was slow.

When Jessie got about again there was a little maid to keep, to take care of the baby whilst Jessie worked at her dresses, and the maid and baby did not add greatly to the expenses, or rather the expenses were met by my getting—very fortunately, we both thought at first—employed in the daytime at Caffins's eating-house in the Strand.

"What with Caffins's and the Apollo and the dressmaking," I said, exultingly, "we shall grow quite rich in time."

"I hope so," answered Jessie, thoughtfully.

"And it was a lucky thing, after all, that you left Miller's when you did."

"Bother Miller's!" cried Jessie, flinging down her work at once; "you know I hate the very name of that place. Now I can't do a stroke of work to-day."

"I don't see why mentioning the name of Miller's should stop your work."

"Oh, but it does. I wish I had a book, but there's no books in this house," she cried. "I wish I could go out, but there's nowhere to go, and no one to go with."

"Why don't you and the girl and the baby have a turn in the Park?"

"Yes, that's it. That's a dear, good old Jacob, for thinking of it," she cried, kissing me, and clapping my leathern cheeks between her hands. "Polly, we'll go into the Park, and take the baby. Get your things on, and don't stand staring at me. A day in the Park—oh! how I shall enjoy it!"

I looked at her with a little surprise. I had not liked her sudden fits of excitement at any time, now they seemed to be growing upon her, to be carrying her away.

Was she getting dissatisfied with her present life—with home—with me? Oh, my God—with me! came suddenly the thought, and like a blow.

I was as full of fancies as a woman—it was lucky for me that my fancies did not last, or that my double work now took them out of my head. Jessie was just the same as ever the next day, and so I quickly forgot the hard thoughts of a few hours before; she was the same for weeks and months, for seeing her but at odd moments of the day, and very late at night, there was no opportunity to notice any change in her.

I did not think of any change in her for a long while. She was very busy—there were always sundry orders coming in, and sundry dresses of the customers hanging by the pegs around the room, and she always received me with a smile of welcome. For two years, nearer three, perhaps, we went on in our happy Darby-and-Joan fashion, with nothing to complain of, and with much love on either side, I think. I know, even, that there was. After that she began to droop, to become dull and spiritless, and I began to miss the smile of welcome when I came home from the Apollo. Hers was a pale and weary face now, and I was quick to note the change in it.

"Jessie," I said, "you are not well. You are working too hard."

"I like work. It's as well to be busy when one has the chance," she said; "besides—"

"Besides?"

"Besides, it keeps a body from thinking too much."

"Don't you like to think?" I asked.

"Not always. Not when the thoughts are too much for me, or too horrible."

"I don't understand," I answered, nervously.

"No more do I," she said, with a short, hard laugh, "only they do get horrible, and I don't know why. Sometimes, Jacob, I wish I were well out of it."

"Well out of what?"

"Out of the world."

"You haven't anything on your mind, Jessie?" I asked, very seriously now.

"There you go with your horrid questions again," she cried, petulantly; "no, I haven't."

"I am glad to hear that."

"But I'm dull, miserable, hipped to death," she said, "that's the truth, Jacob. I like life, and I don't have any; I'm fond of excitement, and I'm cooped up here, and never see a soul; I'm fond of society, and nobody ever comes, and I go to no one's house. Might not a woman be as well in her grave as slaving on like this?"

I was very much astonished. She had disguised her feelings for so long, she appeared to have settled down so thoroughly to this humdrum life of ours, that her sudden outburst took my breath away. When I had recovered it I said:

"Yes, it *is* a little dull. What do you want to do?"

"Oh, I don't know," was the petulant reply; "I haven't thought of that."

"Think of it all to-morrow, and let me know when I come home at night," I said. "I should be glad to know."

Whether she had thought about it I was not quite certain, but the result of her deliberations was not made known to me. I had thought, however, and was full of suggestions, to make up for her lack of inspiration.

Would she feel disposed to give up some of her customers? No, she wouldn't. Would she get somebody to help her? She hated strangers, and she never could agree with another woman. There was not one girl at old Miller's whose face she had not longed to slap at some time or other. Should I give up Caffins's, and stop at home in the daytime, or the Apollo, and leave the evenings free? Then I could read to her, or take her to a theatre now and then. N—no, that wouldn't do. She would not like me to surrender any part of my income, to throw up my berth, at a time when she might be going to fall ill; she did not know, but she thought it was likely that she might, she felt so strange and wild. Still, she might be better in a day or two—she could not tell.

There was the child to amuse her—another Jessie, in whom she took great pride, and had a strong, deep love for. Was there no amusement, solace, change, in *her?*

"Oh, yes, yes," she cried at once. "Without her I should have died long ago, or run away from you, Jacob."

"Jessie! Jessie!" I exclaimed, "for God's sake don't talk like that!"

"I don't mean with another man, you old silly," she said, "but away altogether, in sheer desperation, like a mad-woman."

"The house seems so very dull to you, then?"

"Dreadfully dull. I am alone so much," she replied. "If I had only had a sister or a brother, now; but this blank room is like a grave. It is all so still and cold."

"Yes, something must be done, Jessie."

This was in the winter-time. I went to a doctor's—on the quiet this, and totally unknown to Jessie—and he heard my story, and said she wanted change of air and change of scene. He would have been glad to see my wife for himself, but there was little doubt that she had been over worked, and that the dullness of her life was telling on her not a little. "Give her change," he said; and this was only what I knew before, although it was worth a guinea to prove how very right I was. I went home and proposed that she and the servant and even little Jessie should go down to the sea-side.

"What! in this cold weather? Not I!"

"There are warm places, I believe. Torquay—Ventnor—Bournemouth."

"Oh, shut up!" she cried. "I sha'n't go. I should be worse there than here, and more alone."

"Is there not anything you would like to do?" I asked, in despair.

"Yes, I think sometimes I should like to go to the Apollo with you," she said, thoughtfully.

"Good gracious!"

"What's the matter now?"

"Did you say the Apollo—with me?"

"Yes, I did," she answered. "There's music, and I am fond of music; there's singing, and I love singing. You have made me laugh many times at what the comic man says and does, and sometimes I fancy—not always, mind you—that I should like to go."

"It is not fit for you."

"Why not?"

"It is not quite fit for any young woman, I fancy."

"Young women go, I suppose?"

"Oh yes, they go."

"You'll be near me—you could put me where I should be safe," she said, almost scoffingly; "and there *are* respectable people about?"

"Yes, a fair sprinkling of them, sometimes."

"Well, put me near them, and away from all the fast ones."

"Ye—es, you may be sure I should do that."

"I have never said a word about going to any amusement whilst Jessie was a baby. I have slaved on and said nothing. Haven't I?"

"You have, Jessie."

"And now the little one sleeps all the evening, and we have some one to look after her if she should wake, you might take me with you sometimes. Once a week, say—just for a change," she cried, "just to keep the devil from me!"

"Oh, Jessie, what *is* the matter? What are you hiding from *me?*"

"Nothing at all."

"On your honor?"

She seemed to hesitate, or else I was strangely suspicious that night.

"On my honor," she said, the instant afterward; "only I am too dull—always alone here. And the music hall would amuse me now and then."

"I don't think it would."

"And I should come back always with you," she continued. "It would be so nice and comfortable at times. Let me try it, Jacob."

What could I say? She had been recommended change, and she had asked for change where I was, where I could see her, and take care of her if it were necessary. And she was ill, and almost weary of her life, and I could only say "Yes."

"That old Durnford always was a fool," they said at the Apollo when I took Jessie there for the first time, and I think they were not far out in this matter. They did not know how helpless I was, and how hard my wife had begged for some little distraction from the dull and lonely life against which she had hardly uttered a complaint from our marriage day to this time. They did not comprehend my reasons: I was not called upon to give them any reasons, and I did not. But I might have been a fool for all this—I think so now, though at my wits' end to know what I could have done instead of this. Here at least was a mistake, though I was only a waiter, and Jessie a waiter's wife. We should not have had any fine feelings to be wounded or trifled with, being humble folk, and neither of us with a thought above our station—but perhaps we had, for all that.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

IT is a remarkable characteristic of the waiters in Paris restaurants that, no matter what you may ask for, even if it be a fried piece of the moon, they will invariably reply "Yes," and either bring it to you, or, on returning, assert with sorrow that unfortunately there is no more left. Méry, the well-known author, tried this joke on once, and peremptorily ordered of a waiter a sphinx *à la Marengo.* "I am sorry to say we have no more, monsieur," replied the *garçon.* "What! no more sphinx?" exclaimed Méry, feigning astonishment. The waiter lowered his voice, and murmured, in a confidential whisper, "We have some more, monsieur; but the truth is, I should not care to serve them to you, as they are not quite fresh."

THE CENTRE OF GRAVITY—A presiding judge.

When in passing a country villa the only thing out of order is the front gate, it is evident that there is a marriageable daughter in the house.

A man who offered bail for a friend was asked by the judge if he had any incumbrance on his farm. "Oh yes," said he, "my old woman."

SCENE: *Shop in Glasgow after a fire.*

FOREMAN (*to master*). "That was a gey job we had last nicht, pittin' oot the fire. You'll be gaun to stan' me something han'som' for savin' your property."

MASTER. "Savin' ma property? Had it no been for your confoonded stupidity, I wud 'a made a sma' fortun."

APPROPRIATE PLACE FOR THE RESIDENCE OF TENANTS WHO WON'T PAY THEIR RENT—May Owe.

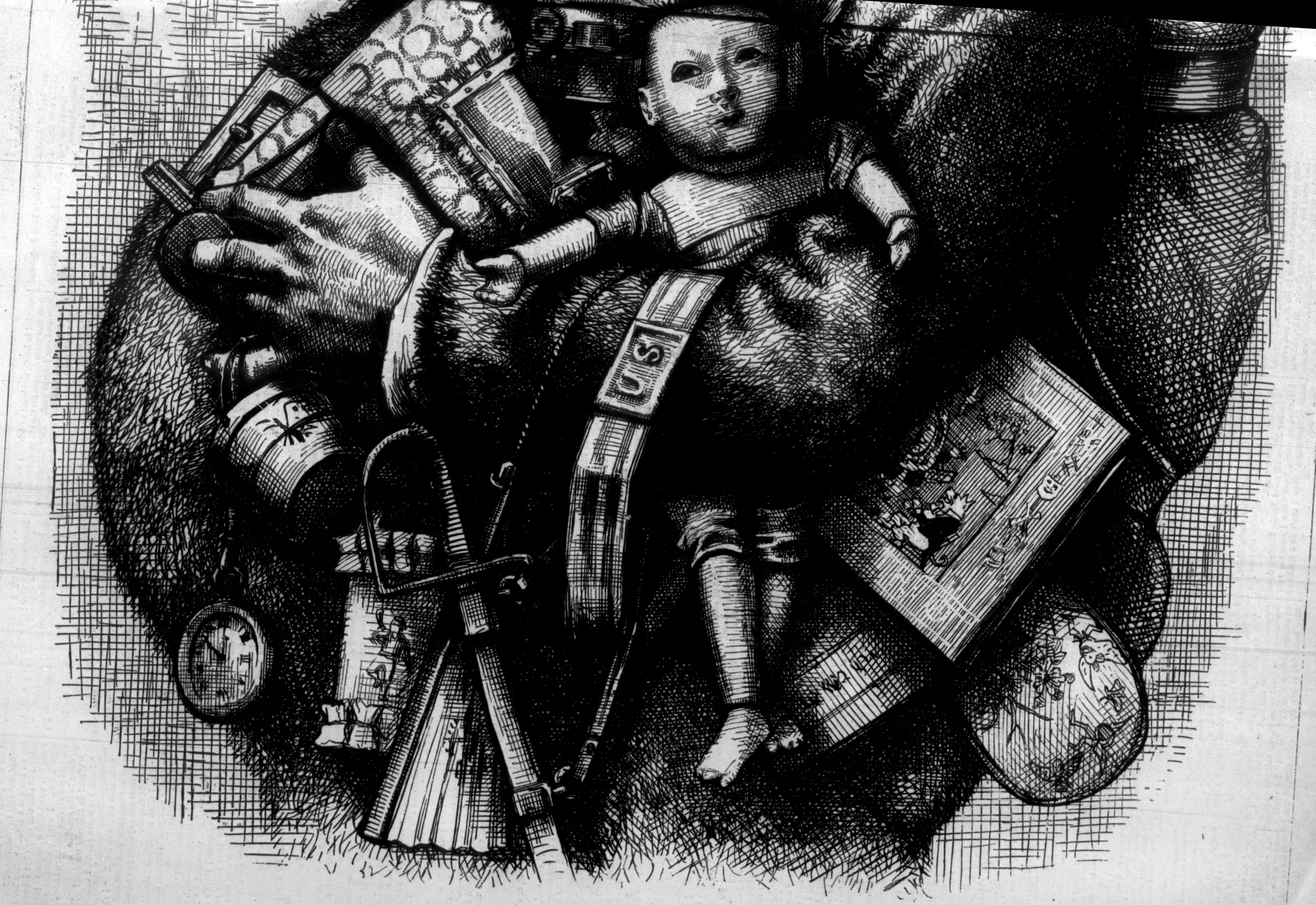
TEMPORA MUTANTUR.

SCENE: *Front of the jail; Scotch court in session inside; little crowd discussing the trials.*

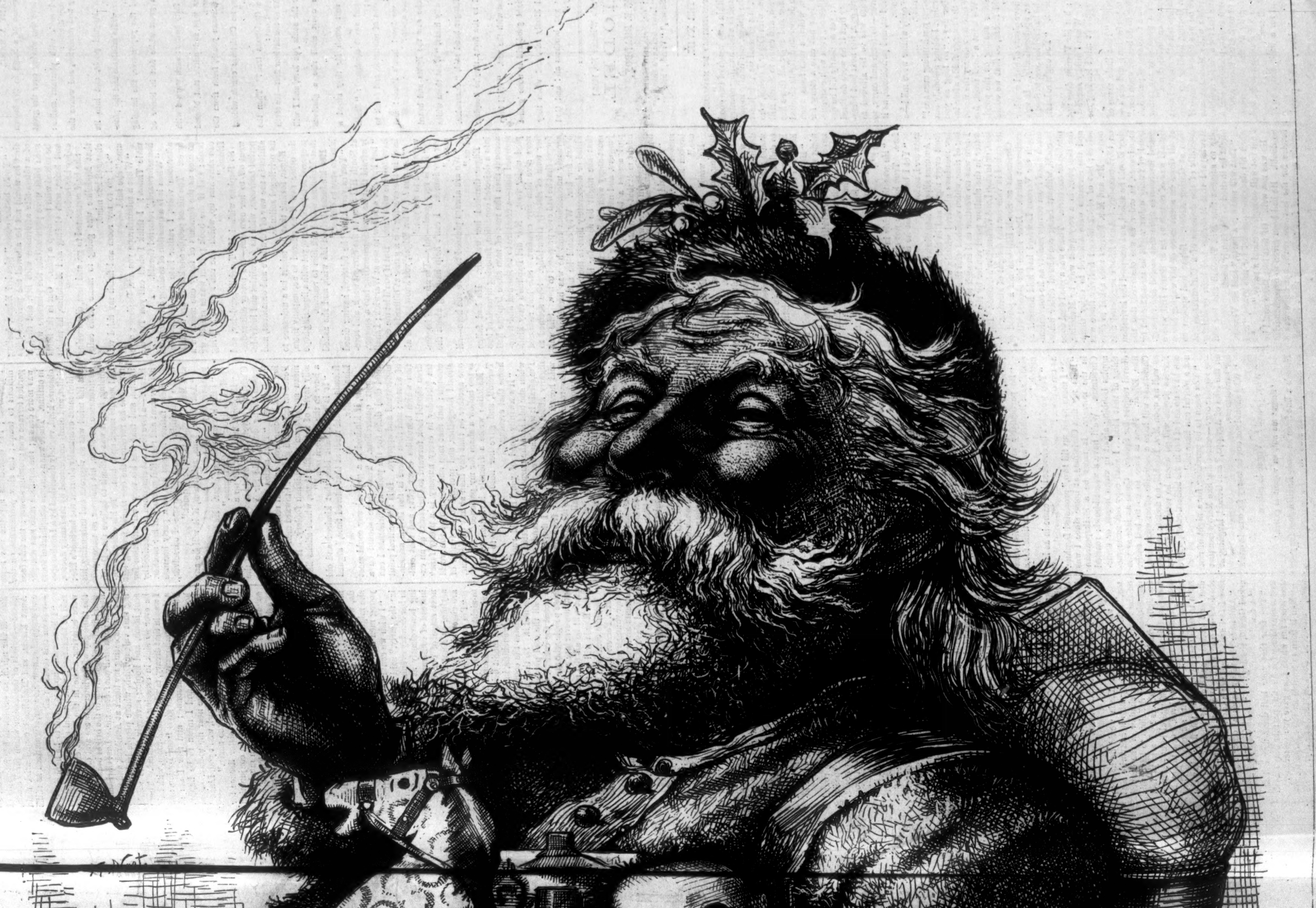
TAM. "Dae ye think there'll be ony hanging cases this time?"

RAB. "Na, na; they dinna hang onybodie noo. A min' twenty or thirty years syne when there wis never a circuit withoot a hangin'."

PAT. "Shure an' some got off thim times too. I moind ov a man who was hung then, an' the noight before the execution a reprave came, an' he got off."



MERRY OLD SANTA CLAUS.



THE SOLDIERS' CHRISTMAS TREE.

By MARY A. BARR.

THE wind had the sound of a laugh in the brown and trodden court,
And the flag of our love was waving over the great white fort;
For the captain had said, with pleasant smiles: "Boys, this is a day divine:
Go gather some holly and mistletoe, and weave the sacred sign."

Out by the Conchos' languid pools, and into its woods, they went,
And back brought wax-white mistletoe and the pine-tree's spicy scent,
The crimson fruit of the yupon-tree, the hanging moss green-gray,
And all to deck the great white fort in honor of Christmas-day.

The fort grew like a fairy bower: each worked with a willing hand,
Telling the Christmas joys and mirth that blessed their own dear land.
Then said a simple German youth, fresh from the Zuyder-Zee,
"Mine comrades, den, no Christmas comes widout ze Christmas tree."

"How shall we get a Christmas tree?" Then the captain's wife stepped out:
"Boys, bare your heads to the Saviour first—He seeth you, no doubt—
Then say a prayer for the souls you love, and I will let you see
How on this barren court shall rise a glorious Christmas tree."

Bare-headed in the soft south air they stood a moment's space,
Then came the glad and sweet command: "Stack rifles in this place;
Crown them with wreaths of mistletoe, and drink to this joyful strain:
'Here's to the Land we love! here's Peace! and here's to our Homes again!'"

The prowling Comanche saw the lights and heard the joyful shout,
And wondered in his wily heart, "What them white men about?"
And one of a weary Ranger band said, "Comrades, we're astray:
Face right about, and to the fort; they're keeping Christmas-day."

They stacked their rifles with the rest. "We'll help you make the tree:
A tree of peace and right good-will is none 'gainst Liberty."
They lowly spoke and kindly felt, and when they went their way,
They said, "God bless you, brothers all! and God bless Christmas-day!"

[Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 1235.]

ASPHODEL.

BY MISS M. E. BRADDON,

AUTHOR OF "BARBARA; OR, SPLENDID MISERY," "A STRANGE WORLD," "LADY AUDLEY'S SECRET," "DEAD MEN'S SHOES," "VIXEN," ETC.

CHAPTER XVIII.

"LOVE WOL NOT BE CONSTREINED BY MAISTRIE."

A MAN who lives within easy reach of two good packs of fox-hounds, and in a fair hunting country on the very edge of the shires, can hardly mope, albeit he may feel that, in a general way, his heart is broken. Thus it was with Edgar Turchill, who hunted four days a week, and came to South Hill on the off days to suffer and enjoy all those hot fits and cold fits, those desperate delights plucked from the jaws of pain, which a man feels when he adores a girl who does not care a straw for him. He had been rejected, even with contumely, as it seemed to him; yet so dearly did he delight in Daphne's society that if he were destined never to win her for his own, the next best blessing he asked from Fate was to be allowed to dangle about her forever—to fetch and carry, to be snubbed, and laughed at, and patronized, as it pleased her wilful humor.

The autumn and the early winter were mild—a capital season for hunting.

"What selfish creatures you hunting men are!" cried Daphne one morning, looking gloomily out at the gloomy November day; "so long as you can go galloping over the muggy fields after innocent foxes, you don't care how dreary the world is for other people. We want a hard frost, for then we might have some skating on the pond. I wish the Avon would freeze, so that we could skate to Tewkesbury."

"I dare say we shall have plenty of hard weather in January," said Edgar, apologetically. It was one of his off days, and he had ridden over to South Hill directly after luncheon. "You ought to hunt, Daphne."

"Of course I ought; but Sir Vernon does not see it in the same light. When I mildly suggested that I thought you wouldn't mind lending me a horse—"

"Mind!" cried Edgar. "That little mare of mine would carry you to perfection; and she's so clever you'd have nothing to do but sit upon her."

"Exactly. It would be a foretaste of paradise. But at my hinting such a possibility my father gave me a look that almost annihilated me."

"You may be more independently situated next season," suggested Mr. Goring, looking up from the billiard table, where he was amusing himself with a few random strokes while Madoline was putting on her jacket and hat for a rustic ramble. "You may have your own stable, perhaps, and a nice sporting husband to look after it for you."

Daphne reddened angrily at the suggestion, while poor Edgar put on his sheepish look, and took refuge at the billiard table.

"Are you coming out for a walk, Empress?" asked Gerald, carelessly.

"I don't know. It's such dreary work prowling about a wintry landscape. I think I shall stay at home and read."

"You'd better come," pleaded Edgar, feeling that he would not be allowed the perilous bliss of a tête-a-tête afternoon with her, and that, if such bliss were permissible, the pleasure would be mixed with too deep a pain. Out in the fields and lanes, with Goring and Madoline, he might enjoy her society.

She half consented to go, and then, discovering that Madoline was going to make some calls, changed her mind.

"I'll go to my room and finish my third volume," she said.

"What a misanthrope you are, Daphne; a female Timon! I think I shall call you Timonia henceforward," retorted Gerald.

"When it is a question of making ceremonious afternoon visits, I rather hate my fellow-creatures. The nicest people one knows are not half so nice as the figments of fancy one meets in a book; and if the book person waxes stupid we can shut him up, which one can't do to a living friend."

So Daphne wished Mr. Turchill good-day, and went off to her own den—the pretty chintz-draperied bedroom, with its frivolities and individualities in the way of furniture and ornament, and its privileged solitude.

Edgar, feeling that he might be a nuisance to the other two if he offered to accompany them, prepared to take his leave, yet with a lingering hope that Madoline would ask him to remain.

Her kindness divined his wish, and she asked him to stay to dinner.

"You're very kind," he faltered, having dined at South Hill once in the current week, and sorely afraid that he was degenerating into a sponge, "but I've got a fellow to see at Warwick; I shall have to dine with him. But if you'll let me come back in the evening for a game at billiards—"

"Let you? Why, Edgar, you know papa is always glad to see you."

"He is very good—only—I'm afraid of becoming a nuisance. I can't help hanging about the place."

"We are always pleased to have you here—all of us."

Edgar thanked her warmly. He had fallen into a dejected condition, fancying himself of less account than the rest of men since Daphne had spurned him—a creature to be scorned and trampled under foot. Nor did Daphne's easy kindness give him any comfort. She had resumed her tone of sisterly friendship. She seemed to forget that he had ever proposed to her. She was serenely unconscious that he was breaking his heart for her. Why could he not get himself killed or desperately hurt in the hunting field, so that she might be sorry for him? He was almost angry with his horses for being such clever jumpers, and never putting his neck in peril. A purl across a bullfinch, a broken collar-bone, might melt that obdurate heart. And a man may get through life very well with a damaged collar-bone.

"I'm afraid the collar-bone wouldn't be enough," mused Edgar. "It doesn't sound romantic. A broken arm, worn in a sling, might be of some use."

He would have suffered anything, hazarded anything, to improve his chances. He tried to lure Daphne to Hawksyard again, tempting her with the stables, the dogs, the poultry-yard; but it was no use. She had always some excuse for declining his or his mother's invitations. She would not even accompany Lina when she went to call upon Mrs. Turchill. She had an idea that Edgar was in the habit of offering his hand and heart to every young lady visitor.

"He made such an utter idiot of himself the night we dined there," she said to Lina. "I shall never again trust myself upon his patrimonial estate. On neutral ground I haven't the least objection to him."

"Daphne, is it kind to speak of him like that, when you know that he was thoroughly in earnest?"

"He was thoroughly in earnest about you before. True love can not change like that."

"Yet I believe that he is true, Daphne," Lina answered, seriously.

Autumn slipped into winter. There was a light frost every night, and in the misty mornings the low meadows glittered whitely with a thin coating of rime, which vanished with those early mists. There was no weather cold enough to curdle the water in the shallow pond yonder by the plantation, or to stop Lord Willoughby's hounds. Daphne sighed in vain for the delight of skating.

Christmas at South Hill was not a period of exuberant mirth. Ever since his second wife's death Sir Vernon Lawford had held himself as much aloof from county society as he conveniently could, without being considered either inhospitable or eccentric. There was a good deal done for the poor, in a very quiet way, by Madoline, and the servants were allowed to enjoy themselves; but of old-fashioned festivity there was none. Mr. and Mrs. Ferrers were asked to dine on Christmas-day. Aunt Rhoda suggested that they should be asked, and accepted the invitation in advance, in order, as she observed, that the bond of family union might be strengthened by genial intercourse upon that sacred anniversary. Gerald was of course to be at South Hill, where at all times he spent more of his waking hours than at Goring Abbey. Edgar had spoken so dolefully of the dullness of a Christmas-day at Hawksyard that Madoline had been moved by pity to suggest that Mrs. Turchill and her son might be invited to the family feast.

"That will make it a party," said Sir Vernon, when his daughter pleaded for this grace, "and I am not well enough to stand a party."

He was not well. Of that fact there could be no doubt. He had been given to hypochondriac fancies for the last five years, but there was a certain amount of fact underlying these fancies. The effeminately white hand was growing more transparent; the capricious appetite was more difficult to tempt; the slow promenade on the garden terrace was growing slower; the thin face was more drawn; the aquiline nose was sharper in outline. There was a chronic complaint of some obscure kind, vaguely described by a London specialist, and dimly understood by the family doctor, which must eventually shorten the baronet's life; but his mind was so vigorous and unbending, his countenance so stern, his manner so uncompromising, that it was difficult to believe that Death had set his mark upon him. To his elder daughter alone he revealed the one tender feeling left in him, and that was his very real affection for herself—a love that was chastened and poetized by his reverent and regretful memory of her mother.

"Dear father, it need not be a party because of the Turchills. Edgar is like one of ourselves, and Mrs. Turchill is so very quiet."

"Ask them, Lina, ask them, if it will be any pleasure to you."

"I think it will please Edgar. He says Hawksyard is so dreary at Christmas."

"If people had not set up a fictitious idea of Christmas gayety, they would not complain of the season being dull," said Sir Vernon, somewhat impatiently. "That notion of unlimited junketing doesn't come from any real religious feeling. Peace on earth and good-will toward men doesn't mean snapdragon and childish foolery. It is a silly myth of the Middle Ages, which sticks like a burr to the modern mind."

"It is a pleasant idea that kindred and old friends should meet at that sacred time," argued Lina, gently.

"Yes, if kindred in a general way could meet without quarrelling. That there should be a good deal done for the poor at Christmas I can understand and approve. It is the central point of winter; and then there is the Divine association which beautifies every gift; and that children should look forward to Christmas as an extra birthday in every nursery is a pretty fancy enough; but that men and woman of the world should foregather, and pretend to be fonder of one another on that day than at any other time, is too hollow a sham for my patience."

Madoline wrote a friendly invitation to Mrs. Turchill, and gave her note to Edgar to carry home that evening.

"It's awfully good of you," he said, ruefully, when she told him the purport of her letter, "but I'm afraid it won't answer. Mother stands on her dignity about Christmas-day, and I don't think wild horses would drag her away from her own dining-room. I shall have to dine tête-à-tête with her, poor old dear; and we shall sit staring at the oak panelling, and pretending to enjoy the plum-pudding made according to the old lady's own particular recipe, handed down by her grandmother. There has been an agreeable sameness about our Christmas dinner for the last ten years. It is as solemn as a Druidical sacrifice. I could almost fancy that mother had been out in the woods at daybreak cutting the mistletoe with a golden sickle."

Edgar was correct in his idea of his mother's reply. Mrs. Turchill wrote, with much ceremony and politeness, that, delighted as she and her son would have been to accept so gratifying an invitation, she must on principle reluctantly decline it. She never had dined away from her own house on Christmas-day, and she never would. She considered it a day upon which families should gather round their own firesides, etc., etc., etc., and remained, with affectionate regards, etc.

"How can a family of two gather round a fireside?" asked Edgar, dolefully. "The dear old mother writes rank nonsense."

"Don't be down-hearted, Turchill," said Gerald. "Perhaps by Christmas twelvemonth you may be a family of three; and the year after that a family of four; and the year after that, five. Who knows? Time brings all good things."

"I am just as grateful to you, Madoline, as if mother had accepted," said Edgar, ignoring his friend's speech, though he blushed at its meaning. "It will be ineffably dreary. If the old lady should go to bed extra early—she sometimes does on Christmas-day—I might ride over, just—just—"

"In time for a rattling good game of billiards," interjected Gerald. "Lina and I are improving. You and Daphne needn't give us more than twenty-five in fifty."

"I'll have a horse ready saddled. Mother likes me to read some of the verses in the *Christian Year* to her after tea. I'm afraid I'm not a good reader, for Keble and I always send her to sleep."

"Be particularly monotonous on this occasion," said Daphne, "and come over in time for a match."

"You wouldn't be shocked if I came in as late as ten o'clock?"

"I mean to sit up till two," protested Daphne. "It is my first Christmas at home since I was in the nursery. It must be a Shakspearean Christmas. We'll have a wassail-bowl; roasted apples bobbing about in warm negus, or something of that kind. I shall copy out some mediæval recipes for Spicer. Come as late as you like, Edgar. Papa is sure to go to bed early. Christmas will have a soporific effect upon him, as well as upon Mrs. Turchill, no doubt; and the Ferrers people will go when he retires; and we can have no end of fun in the billiard-room, where not a mortal can hear us."

"You seem to be providing for a night of riot—a regular orgy—something like Nero's banquet on the lake of Agrippa," said Gerald, laughing at her earnestness.

"Why should not one be merry for once in one's life?"

"Why, indeed? Vogue la galère.

'Forget me not, en vogant la galère.'

There's a line from an early English poet for you, my Shakspearean student."

Christmas-day was not joyless. Daphne, so fitful in her mirth, so sudden in her intervals of gloom—periods of depression which Sir Vernon, Aunt Rhoda, and Madoline's confidential maid and umquhile nurse, Mowser, stigmatized as sulks—was on this occasion all sunshine.

"I have made up my mind to be happy," she said at breakfast; which meal she and Madoline were enjoying alone in the bright cheery room, the table gay with winter flowers and old silver, a wood fire burning merrily in the bright brass grate. "Even papa shall not freeze me. Last Christmas-day I was eating my heart at Asnières, and envying that vulgar Dibb, whose people had had her sent home, and hoping savagely that she would be ever so sick in crossing the Channel. There I was in that dreary, tawdry school-room, with half a dozen mahogany-colored girls from Toulon, and Toulouse, and Carcassonne; and now I am at home and with you, and I mean to be happy. Discontent shall not come near me to-day. And you will taste my wassail-bowl, won't you, Lina?"

"Yes, dear, if it isn't quite too nasty."

Lina had given her younger sister license for any kind of mediæval experiments in conjunction with Mrs. Spicer; and there had been much consultation of authorities—Knight, and Timbs, and Washington Irving—and a good deal of messing in the spacious still-room, with a profligate consumption of lemons and sherry, and spices and russet apples. With the dinner, at which her father and the rectory people were to assist, Daphne ventured no interference; but she had planned a Shakspearean refection in the billiard-room at midnight—if they could only get rid of Aunt Rhoda, whose sense of propriety was so strong that she might perhaps insist upon staying till the two young men had taken their departure.

"I wish we could have old Spicer in to matronize the party," said Daphne. "She looks lovely in her Sunday evening gown. She would sit smiling benevolently at us till she dropped asleep, instead of contemplating us as if she thought the next stage of our existence would be a lunatic asylum, as Aunt Rhoda generally does when we are cheerful."

"I'm afraid you must put up with Aunt Rhoda to-night, Daphne. She has suggested that she and the rector should have the blue room, as the drive home might bring on his bronchitis."

"His bronchitis, indeed!" cried Daphne. "He appropriates the complaint as if nobody else had ever had it. So they are going to stay the night. Of all the cool proceedings I ever heard of, that is about the coolest. And Aunt Rhoda is one of those people who are never sleepy. She will sit us out, however late we are. Never mind. The banquet will be all the more classical and complete. Aunt Rhoda will be the skeleton."

Daphne contrived to be happy all day, in spite of Mrs. Ferrers, who was particularly ungracious to her younger niece, while she was lavish of compliments and pretty speeches to the elder. The faithful slave Edgar was absent on duty—going to church twice with his mother; dining with her; devoted to her altogether, or as much as he could be with a heart that longed to be elsewhere. But Daphne hardly missed him; Gerald Goring was in high spirits, full of life and talk and fun, as if he too had made up his mind that this great day in the Christian calendar should be a day of rejoicing for him. They all went to church together in the morning, and admired the decorations, which owed all their artistic beauty to Madoline's taste, and were in a large measure the work of her own industrious fingers. They joined reverently in the liturgy, and listened patiently to the rector's sermon, in which he aired a few of those good old orthodox truisms which have been repeated time out of mind by rural incumbents upon Christmas mornings.

After luncheon they all three went on a round of visits to Madoline's cottagers—those special old-established families to whose various needs, intellectual and corporal, she had ministered from her early girlhood, and who esteemed a Christmas visit from Miss Lawford as the highest honor and privilege of the year. It was pleasant to look in at the tidy little keeping-rooms, where the dressers shone with a bright array of crockery, and the hearths were so neatly swept, and the pots and pans and brass candlesticks on the chimney-piece, and the little black-framed Scriptural pictures, were all decorated with ivy and holly. Pleasant the air of dinner and dessert which pervaded every house. Daphne had a basket of toys for the children—a basket which Gerald insisted upon carrying, looking into it every now and then, and affecting an intense curiosity as to the contents. The sky was dark, save for one low red streak above the ragged edge of the wooded lane, when they went back to afternoon tea; and what a comfortable change it was from the wintry world outside to Madoline's flowery morning-room, heavy with the scent of hyacinths and Parma violets, and bright with blazing logs! The tea table was drawn in front of the low fire, and the basket-chairs stood ready for the tea-drinkers.

"I was afraid Aunt Rhoda would be here to tea," said Daphne, sinking into her favorite seat on the fender-stool, in the shadow of the draped mantel-piece. "Is it not delicious to have this fire-light hour all to ourselves? I always feel that just this time—this changeful light—stands apart from the rest of our lives. Our thoughts and fancies are all different, somehow. They seem to take the rosy color of the fire; they are dim and dreamy and full of change, like the shadows on the wall. We are different. Just now I feel as if I had not a care."

"And have you many cares at other times?" asked Gerald, scoffingly.

"A few."

"The fear that your ball dress may not fit; that some clumsy fox-hunting partner may smash that ivory fan which Lina gave you yesterday."

"Man is born to trouble as the sparks fly upward," answered Daphne, sententiously. "Do you think, because I live in a fine house, and have food and raiment found for me, that I do not know the meaning of care?"

"Well, I should fancy there is a long way between your comprehension of the word and that of a Whitechapel seamstress; a widow with three small children to keep, and a lodging to pay, upon the produce of her needle."

"It is the hour for telling ghost stories," exclaimed Daphne, kneeling at her sister's side to receive her cup and saucer, and trifling daintily with the miniature Queen Anne tongs as she helped herself to sugar. "Lina, tell us the story of this house. It ought to be haunted."

"I am thankful to say I have never heard of any ghosts," answered Madoline. "Every house that has been lived in fifty years must have some sad memories; but our dead do not come back to us, except in our dreams."

"Mr. Goring, I insist upon a ghost story," said Daphne. "On this particular day, at this particular hour, in this delicious half-light, a story of some kind must be told."

"I delight in ghost stories—good grim old German legends," answered Gerald, languidly, looking deliciously comfortable in the depths of an immense arm-chair, so low that it needed the dexterity of a gymnast to enable man or woman to get in or out of it gracefully—a downy-cushioned nest when one was there. "I adore phantoms, and fiends, and the whole shopful; but I never could remember a story in my life."

"You must tell one to-night," cried Daphne, eagerly. "It need not be ghostly. A nice murder would do—a grisly murder. My blood begins to turn cold in advance."

"I am sorry to disappoint you," said Gerald; "but although I have made a careful study of all the interesting murders of my age, I could never distinctly remember details. I should get hideously mixed if I tried to relate the circumstances of a famous crime. I should confound Rush with Palmer, the Mannings with the Greenacres, put the pistol into the hand that used the knife, give the dagger to the man who used the bowl. Not to be done, Daphne. I am no raconteur. You or Lina had better amuse me. One of you can tell me a story—something classical—John Gilpin, or the old woman with her pig."

"John Gilpin! a horridly cheerful sing-song ballad—and in such a fantastic dreamy light as this! I wonder you have not more sense of the fitness of things. Besides, it is your duty to amuse us. A story of some kind we must have, mustn't we, Lina dearest?"

"It would be very pleasant in this half-light," answered Lina, softly, quite happy, sitting silently between those two whom she loved so dearly, pleased especially at Daphne's brightness and good-humor, and apparent friendly feeling for Gerald.

"You hear," exclaimed Daphne. "Your liege lady commands you."

"A story," mused Gerald, in his laziest tone, with his head lying back on the cushions, and his eyes looking dreamily up at the ceiling where the lights and shadows came and went fantastically. "A story, ghostly or murderous, tragical, comical, amorous, sentimental—well, suppose now I were to tell you a classical story, as old as the hills, or as the laurel bushes in your garden—the story of your namesake, Daphne."

"Namesake," echoed the girl, with her golden head resting against the arm of her sister's chair, her eyes gravely contemplative of the fire. "Had I ever a namesake? Could there be another set of godfathers and godmothers in the world stupid enough, or hard-hearted enough, to give an unconscious innocent such a name as mine?"

"The namesake I am thinking of lived before the days of godfathers and godmothers," answered Gerald, still looking up at the ceiling with a dreamy smile on his face; "she was the daughter of a river-god and a naiad, a wild, free-born, untamable creature, beautiful as a dream, variable as the winds that rippled the stream from which her father took his name. Wooers had sought her, but in vain. She loved the wood and the chase, all free and sylvan delights—the unfettered life of a virgin. She emulated the fame of Diana. She desired to live and die apart from the rude race of men—a woodland goddess among her maidens. Often her father said, 'Daughter, thou owest me a son.' Often her father said, 'Child, thou owest me grandchildren.' She, with blushing cheeks, hung on her father's neck, and repulsed the torch of Hymen as if it were a crime to love. 'Let me, like Diana, live unwedded,' she pleaded. 'Grant me the same boon Jove gave his daughter.' 'Sweet one,' said the father, 'thy beauty forbids the destiny thy soul desires. Love will find thee out.' The river-god was right. Love sought Daphne, and he came in a godlike form. Phœbus Apollo was the lover—Phœbus, the spirit of light, and music, and beauty. He saw her, and all his soul was on fire with love. The dupe of his own oracles, he hoped for victory. He saw Daphne's hair floating carelessly upon the wind; the eyes, like shining stars; the sweet lips, which it was pain to see and not to kiss. But lighter than the wind the cruel nymph fled from him. In vain he called her, in vain he tried to stop her. 'Stay, sweet one,' he cried; 'it is no enemy who pursues thee. So flies the lamb the wolf, the hind the lion, the trembling dove from the strong-winged eagle. But 'tis love bids me follow. Stay thy steps, suspend thy flight, and I will slacken my pursuit. Foolish one, thou knowest not whom thou flyest. No rude mountaineer or ungainly shepherd pursues thee, but a god, before whose law Delphos, Claros, and Tenedos obey; the son of high Jove himself; the deity who reveals the past, the present, and the future; who first wedded song to the stringed lyre. My arrows are deadly, but a deadlier shaft has pierced my heart.' Thus and much more he pleaded, yet Daphne still fled from him, heedless of the briers that wounded her naked feet, the winds that lifted her flowing hair. The breathless god could no longer find words of entreaty. Maddened by love, he followed in feverish haste; he gained on her; his breath touched her floating tresses. The inexorable nymph felt her strength failing; with outstretched arms, with beseeching eyes, she appealed to the river: 'O father, if thy waves have power to save me, come to my aid! O mother earth, open and fold me in thine arms, or by some sudden change destroy the beauty that subjects me to outrage.' Scarcely was the prayer spoken when a heavy torpor crept over her limbs; the nymph's lovely shoulders covered themselves with a smooth bark; her hair changed to leaves; her arms to branches; her feet, a moment before so agile, became rooted to the ground. Yet Phœbus still loved. He felt beneath the bark of the tree the heart-beat of the nymph he adored; he covered the senseless tree with his despairing kisses; and then, when he knew that the nymph was lost to him forever, he cried: 'If thou canst not be my wife, thou shalt be at least Apollo's sacred tree. Laurel, thou shalt forever wreathe my hair, my lyre, my quiver. Thou shalt crown Rome's heroes; thy sacred branches shall shelter and guard the palace of her Cæsars; and as the god, thy lover, shines with the lustre of eternal youth, so too shalt thou preserve thy beauty and freshness to the end of time.'"

"Poor Daphne," sighed Lina.

"Poor Apollo, I think," said Gerald; "he was the loser. What do you think of my story, Mistress Daphne?"

"I rather like my namesake," answered Daphne, deliberately. "She was thorough. When she pretended to mean a thing she really did mean it. There is a virtue in sincerity."

"And obstinacy is a vice," said Gerald. "I consider the river-god's daughter a pig-headed young person, whose natural coldness of heart predisposed her to transformation into a vegetable. Apollo made too much of her."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

ON THE VERANDA.

The people who owned it called it a porch, but Miss Hetherington thought that a rather depreciatory way of speaking of her country resort, for the summers boarders lived there. The house might have been a very pleasant one when it was opened, but in the summer-time it was virtually closed, because of the flies, and heat, and dust, and sun, Mrs. Fries said. In the morning the bed in the boarders' room was nicely made—too nicely for a considerate person to disturb—the furniture all dusted, and put back against the wall, and the furniture was solid mahogany; the blinds were shut, and indeed the windows too, and coming in out of the sunlight one had to grope one's way all over the house. So Miss Hetherington went out upon the veranda immediately after breakfast, and remained there, if she remained near the house at all, till bed-time.

Just now it was delightful. She had just left the breakfast table, but by the little watch that hung from her girdle it was already nine o'clock, and the little watch kept excellent time. All through the meal there had been a pleasant clickety music from the neighboring field. John had told Miss Hetherington the night before that he would about reach the middle of the field with his mowing-machine when she left the breakfast table the next morning, and sure enough there he was. What a Hercules was this young farmer Fries! and a handsome, stalwart fellow, and a fine, frank, excellent nature, and a gentleman withal. The Frieses had always sent their sons to a sort of college for a few years, to polish them up; then, if they chose to go on with a profession, the money was found for it. In fact, several of John's cousins were students of divinity, of medicine, of law; but John chose to be a farmer, of his own free-will, his mother said. She was a nice, quaint, wholesome little woman, whom Miss Hetherington liked very much, and Mrs. Fries seemed to return this affection, until John—

But that was a matter of course. "Cela va sans dire," Miss Hetherington said, and felt sorry that these little hobbies of mothers always interfered with their happiness. She felt sorry, but not sufficiently so to let it interfere with her own. She had begun by liking Mrs. Fries better than her son. She amused her, and interested her; the old lady had all that native ingenuity, vigor, simplicity, and honesty of expression which the few years at college had cured for John. But of late Mrs. Fries had been very busy. It was haying-time, and she went to bed early. Mrs. Fries did; not Miss Hetherington, who disliked going to bed more than anything in the world, unless it might be getting out of bed after she had once gone to it. As for John, he liked the moon. But there he was, quite in the middle of the field, as he had sworn to be. The veranda faced the road, running the whole length of the house. Some fine old horse-chestnuts shaded the lawn, which extended down a dozen rods or so to the road; then across the fence was the field of hay where John was mowing.

Miss Hetherington put up her glass. Her sight was tolerably good by moon or gas light, but deficient in the garlish light of day. Without her glass, John and the mower looked one; she couldn't tell where John began and the mower ended. Miss Hetherington put up her glass, and just then the veranda made a pleasant picture. A few vines had been trimmed with a due regard to light and shade, but the most of them had been left to their own sweet will, just as the farming had been left to John, and there is always something delightful in the attributes of an unfettered will. Humming-birds and bees, darning-needles and butterflies, and all sorts of winged things, darted in and out of the blossoms, and a gorgeous spider hung midway in a magnificent palace made in a single night. The spider wore black and yellow, the fashionable colors, and so did Miss Hetherington, who was not only a handsome creature, but she had a great respect for the accessories of beauty. The spider paused in the construction of his palace to look at her, and so did John. All at once the music of the mower ceased, and the fine figure at the helm, or whatever the governing power of a mower is called, took off its wide-brimmed straw hat, and waved it in the sweet summer air; and Miss Hetherington, not to be outdone, took from her belt a little trifle of lace and linen, and also waved it. And Heaven knows how long this little pantomime might have gone on if Miss Hetherington had not heard behind her a peculiar cough; it was an apologetic cough—a cough that begged to be excused for intruding—and it came from Mrs. Fries, who was also looking at Miss Hetherington, but not like John, or the spider, or the many well-known ways of looking at a pretty woman. There was something in the gaze of Mrs. Fries that went to Miss Hetherington's heart without elating it.

"Good-morning," said Miss Hetherington—"Good-morning, Mrs. Fries. You tell me without speaking that I must not interfere with the shining hours of haying-time, and you see that it is just as if I went within-doors—not a bit of me is to be seen, and I promise you won't be till the tedious sun goes down."

Miss Hetherington had put herself and her draperies quite behind a huge Japanese honeysuckle, and now sank into one of the big red easy-chairs, and reached a book from a convenient and sheltered nook which was crammed with paper literature. She yawned slightly. The compact mass of summer reading took a somewhat wearisome shape.

"And how long does this troublesome haying-time last?" she said.

Miss Hetherington looked up, and was surprised to see that Mrs. Fries had turned into an old woman. From a comfortable middle age she had shrunk and faded into something quite pitiable. The red in her cheek, which had hitherto bloomed like that in a winter apple, had suddenly fled, and her eyes, which had always held the snap of virility, were sunken and dull.

"It's too late to tell you not to interfere with John," she said; "it's too late; the mischief's done."

Miss Hetherington was touched and interested. The fault she had found with her summer reading was that she couldn't get to believe in it. Here was something before her eyes.

She suddenly put up her soft white hands, from which a shower of lace receded, and catching the trembling, wrinkled hands of Mrs. Fries within her own, she drew her gently into a chair by her side behind the honeysuckle.

"Dear madam, dear Mrs. Fries," she said, in that low, caressing voice which was a valuable accessory of Miss Hetherington's, "don't, please, worry. I assure you there's nothing to worry about."

"Begging your pardon, miss, I think there is," said Mrs. Fries; "if you ain't in earnest, my John is; and that's what I want to talk to you about this morning. I don't say you're all to blame. It's perhaps just as natural for you to go round trappin' foolish boys like John as it is for that nasty black and yellow spider to lie in wait for flies."

"Madam!" Miss Hetherington drew herself up haughtily.

"Begging your pardon again—perhaps I'm wrong; perhaps it may be as John hopes, though I sorely distrust it. You ain't the kind of a girl to take kindly to farm life; and there may be a way to leave the farm behind—the farm and me too, and everything that might be a trouble to you—if you only love John. Ah! you draw back. I thought you would. I told John so last night. 'John,' says I, 'she's fooling you; that's only her summer sport;' and he tried to laugh me off. But I talked on and on, trying to show him the pitfall he was tumbling into, when all at once he turned on me with a white face, and, 'Mother, hush!' sez he; 'there's only this to say, in that case: what's fun to her is death to me!' And I don't say you can help it, any more than yonder spider can help catching flies. The Lord made you both, and sent you, but I wished it had pleased Him to send you somewhere else, and spare my John."

"I'll go—I'll go now!" beginning, in fact, to gather up her draperies.

"It's too late now. The mischief's done." And it seemed that more mischief was at hand, for a great cry arose from the opposite field, and a bad sight could be seen from the veranda. Nothing less than a stalwart man dethroned from his proud perch on the mower, and trampled under hoofs that had always seemed to move only at his bidding.

Miss Hetherington stood there as if turned to stone. Mrs. Fries had disappeared, and in the mean while they were bringing the poor young farmer to the house on a rough litter. I approached Miss Hetherington. "I think we had better go," I ventured to say, for I was the only other summer boarder. "Come, let us go and pack up and get away, Kate."

She turned on me quite fiercely.

"You, a woman!" she said, "and talk of going at a time like this!"

"I spoke as a boarder, Kate, not as a woman. You know we have no right to intrude any further; we were not wanted in the beginning; we forced ourselves upon these worthy people."

"We didn't know there was a man within miles," said poor Kate; "that is, a young man—I mean a—a gentleman—"

"Of course we didn't," I said, encouragingly; "but we know now, to our, to their, and to everybody's cost. Let's get away, Kate; it's the refinement of cruelty to stay any longer."

She stood there quite dazed, and I led her quietly up stairs into our darkened room. The whole house seemed kept in readiness for any sort of catastrophe. I confess I was dying to get rid of it, and threw open the shutters the better to see to pack our trunks. Upon which, Kate ran over and closed them again. "How can you let the sun come in on her carpet in that way?" said Kate; "and the flies. Haven't we done her enough injury already?"

"Speak for yourself, my dear," I said; and at that moment the poor little old lady ran in, crying and wringing her hands.

"He isn't—isn't—" I stammered, while Kate became white as the wall she leaned against. The old lady went up to her and grasped her dress. "Packing your trunk? Going?" she said, in a hollow whisper.

"She don't want to go," I said, coming to the rescue. "She'd rather stay, but I don't think it's best. I—"

The old lady turned to me, keeping her hold on poor Kate's black and yellow trimming. "I don't care whether *you* go or not," she said to me; "but if you've a soul in your body, you won't take her with you. He's asking for her now; she may save his life. Let her save him first; for God's sake, let her try to save him!"

There was more force than politeness in the old lady's appeal, but this was no time for platitudes.

"Mrs. Fries," said I, "there's one thing about it—if she stays now, she must stay forever."

Kate uttered a soft little cry, and put her arms about the old lady. She looked over at me, with a wonderful light in her eyes, and a sudden softening of her whole being.

"Oh, is that it?" I said. "Well, stay, then, dear, in Heaven's name, and so will I till the worst is over. You won't be incongruous here, Kate; you're wonderfully adaptable—"

But she had gone away to John with the old lady.

It was a terrible risk. I waited in great suspense, placing what hope I could in trepanned skulls and the modern improvements in artificial limbs, for I knew from the first he wouldn't die—young men like John hold on to life, especially with a temptation like Kate by the side of them.

I am writing upon the same veranda a year after the accident in the hay field. The honeysuckle is in full bloom, and Kate's pet mocking-bird is shrieking in a flood of light that radiates the dining-room. Young Mrs. Fries has substituted nets for the Cimmerian gloom that used to envelop the house. Now any one with half an eye can see to the farthest end of any corridor, and the bedrooms have a sun-bath every day. The old lady don't mind. She's all the way of twenty years younger, and the best of company. John didn't lose his leg, let alone his life; and the funniest part of the whole thing is that Kate has made quite a match. John happened to be ever so much richer than any of the marriageable men we knew.

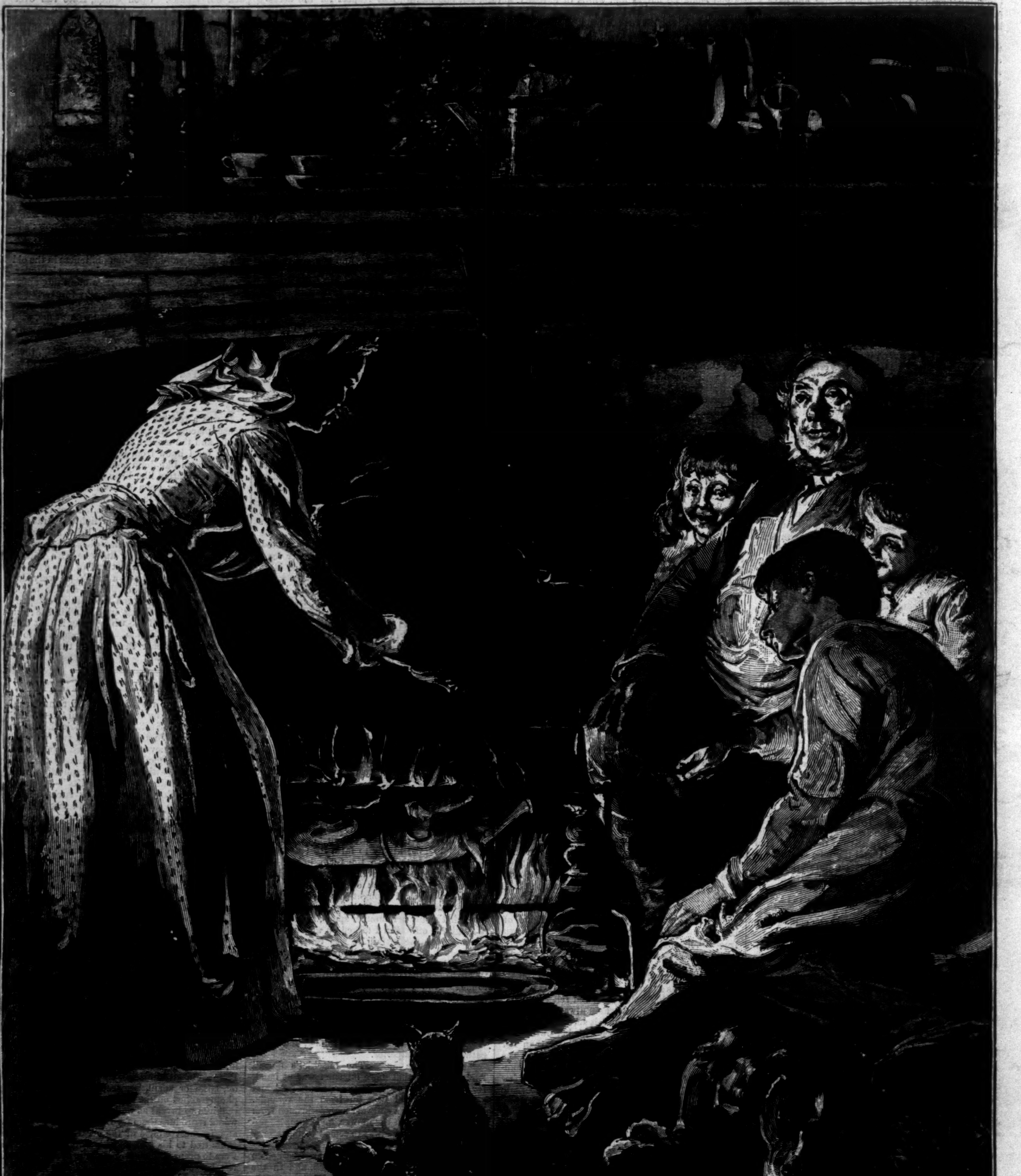
AN UNRIVALLED EXHIBITION.

In at least two respects the third annual exhibition organized by the Salmagundi Sketch Club is unique and unrivalled. As a whole the display is unusually large and fine, but in two principal aspects it has never been equalled anywhere at any time. The modest young draughtsmen who ten years ago, without artistic reputation, without even claiming to be "artists"—certainly without receiving recognition as such—formed themselves into a sketch class, and met periodically in one another's very unassuming rooms, could scarcely have dreamed of the new era which they and their comrades were about to inaugurate. Their chief means of earning a subsistence was by drawing on wood, and their chief aim was so to draw as to please the wood-engravers, their masters. The profession of a draughtsman on wood belonged at that time practically to the department of industrial art, as did also the profession of a wood-engraver. "Artists" held themselves aloof from mere draughtsmen on wood, and from wood-engravers as well. Wood-engravers dictated to draughtsmen on wood, and threatened them with starvation if they refused to obey orders. The successful draughtsman on wood was the man whose drawings the wood-engraver could cut most easily. The art of either, so far as by courtesy it may be said to have existed at all, was servile, and occasional exceptions to the rule were only exceptions, and served to emphasize it.

As a light and a life, dead photography came in, creating a revolution, and defining an era. Pictures of all kinds—in crayon, charcoal, pencil, oil, large or small, landscapes or figures—were photographed on the block, and the engraver was required to invent as well as to cut the lines that would reproduce them for the printer. The finest and freshest efforts of the greatest artists were submitted to his tool, and his duty and privilege were to prepare them for indefinite multiplication. Art herself put herself into his hands; art herself inspired the graver that was to multiply for the people her choice creations. The irksome limitations hitherto felt by most of the professional draughtsmen on wood vanished in thin air, and that fine type of artist the modern American illustrator was ushered into existence. Instead of receiving orders from the wood-engraver, the latter received orders from him. The whole department of magazine and book illustration passed under the control of the artist, and out of the control of the mechanic.

Under these fair auspices the unnamed little sketch class became the Salmagundi Sketch Club, and powerfully contributed to the growth of the good magazine work of to-day. Among its members were F. S. Church, Pyle, Burns, Champney, Murphy, George Inness, Jun., Share, Taber, Shelton, McCutcheon, Graham, and De Luce, who are now among the first illustrators in this country; sculptors like Hartley, Clark, and Lowber, and painters like A. F. Bunner, A. C. Howland, and G. W. Maynard.

Artists by the grace of conventionalism and diploma were forced to recognize the new illustrators, and when an American wanted to "point



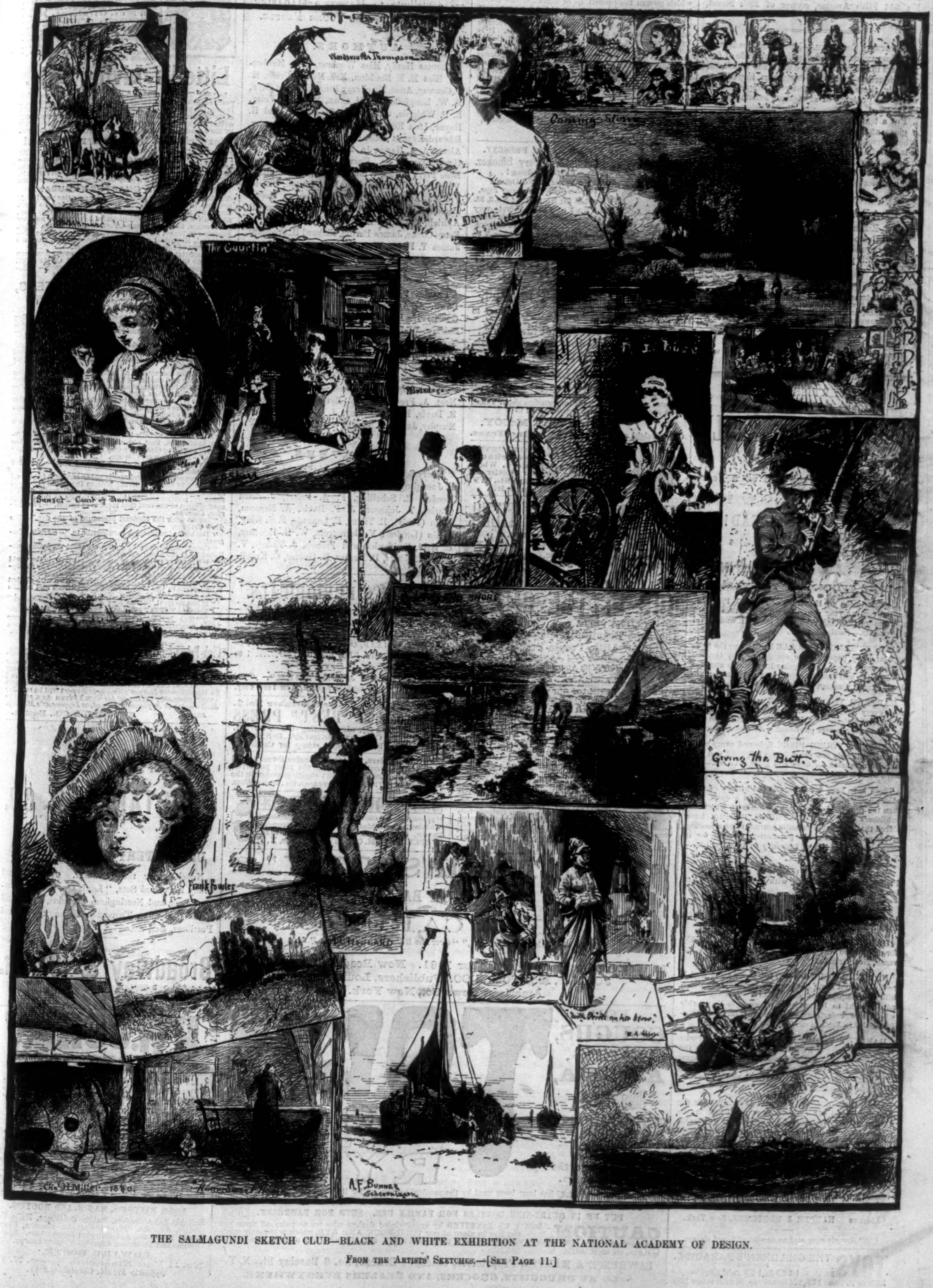
ROASTING THE PIG.

with pride" to the artistic vitality and virility of his country, his finger took a direction toward the leading magazines of the city of New York, where painters, sculptors, and illustrators alike vied with one another in the race for fame. Both painters and illustrators learned the use of black and white oils, because these photographed well on the engraver's block. Charcoal, crayon, pencil, India ink, anything that left a black mark, was in fresh and earnest requisition for purposes of illustration; a new realm was set up—the realm of black and white; and of that realm the Salmagundi Club became the metropolitan representatives, and their third annual exhibition is to-day the most adequate exponent.

This is one unique feature of the display: there is nothing that equals it in the whole world. Nowhere else is there to be seen so noble an exposition of what the modern illustrators, aided by the wood-engravers, are doing for the diffusion of the wholesome and benign influences of art. The best illustrators and the best wood-engravers have united under the banner of the Salmagundi Club in its successful attempt to organize this matchless show. Not only so, but the etchers also, who annually have had a corner in the Water-color and Academy exhibitions, have joined the Salmagundians, and received equal and exact justice. Works in black and white now go where they belong and where they are honored. Hereafter neither the Water-color Society nor the Academy of Design will attempt to exhibit them.

The wood-engravers themselves are handsomely treated and artistically represented in this exhibition, and this is its second unique feature. The art of these men manifests itself not only in proof impressions of wood-cuts, some of which undoubtedly nowadays are in the purest sense artistic, but also in original drawings from their own hands. One of the promising signs that the recent extraordinary growth of American wood-engraving is healthy, and is to increase, is found in the fact that some of the finest American wood-engravers are themselves able to create pictorial designs, and by systematic study have become competent to express them. These enterprising students attend the art schools, or secure the services of private instructors, and learn how to draw and how to paint; and every intelligent visitor to the Salmagundi Exhibition will receive pleasure there from the creative work of their hands.

So this year, after a first exhibition in 1878, which was a failure, and after a second exhibition in 1879, which did not pay expenses, the Salmagundi Club has stepped upon the plane of the great annual exhibitions, and by zeal, intelligence, and magnificent force of circumstance, has made its exhibition one of them. The significance of the event is fresh, charming, and far-reaching, and HARPER'S WEEKLY, which for twenty-five years has reflected the successive and enlarging triumphs of the American illustrators and wood-engravers, is not likely to miss the meaning or the splendor of their unrivalled exhibition.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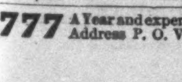

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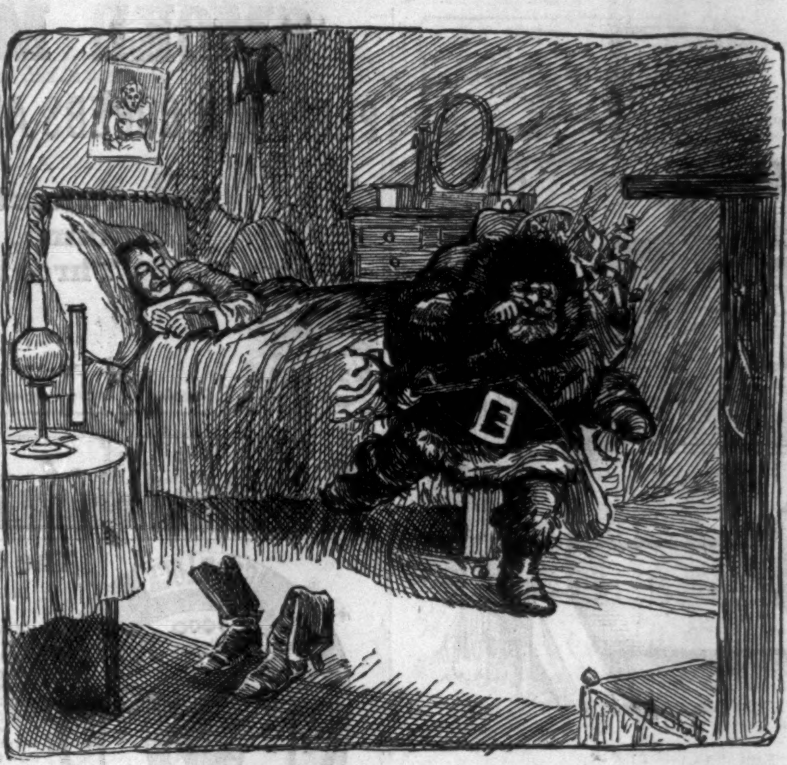
$777 A Year and expenses to agents. Outfit free. Address P. O. VICKERY, Augusta, Me.



SANTA CLAUS. "A crusty old bachelor's quarters, I'll be bound! This is no place for me."

ARNOLD, CONSTABLE, & CO.

Christmas and New Year's offerings. Ladies' and Gentlemen's Silk Umbrellas, Plain and Richly Mounted.

Broadway & 19th St.

LIEBIG COMPANY'S EXTRACT OF MEAT. FINEST AND CHEAPEST MEAT FLAVORING STOCK FOR SOUPS, MADE DISHES, AND SAUCES.

LIEBIG COMPANY'S EXTRACT OF MEAT "Is a success and a boon for which nations should feel grateful."—See "Medical Press," "Lancet," "British Medical Journal," &c. CAUTION.—Genuine only with the fac-simile of Baron Liebig's Signature in Blue Ink across the Label.

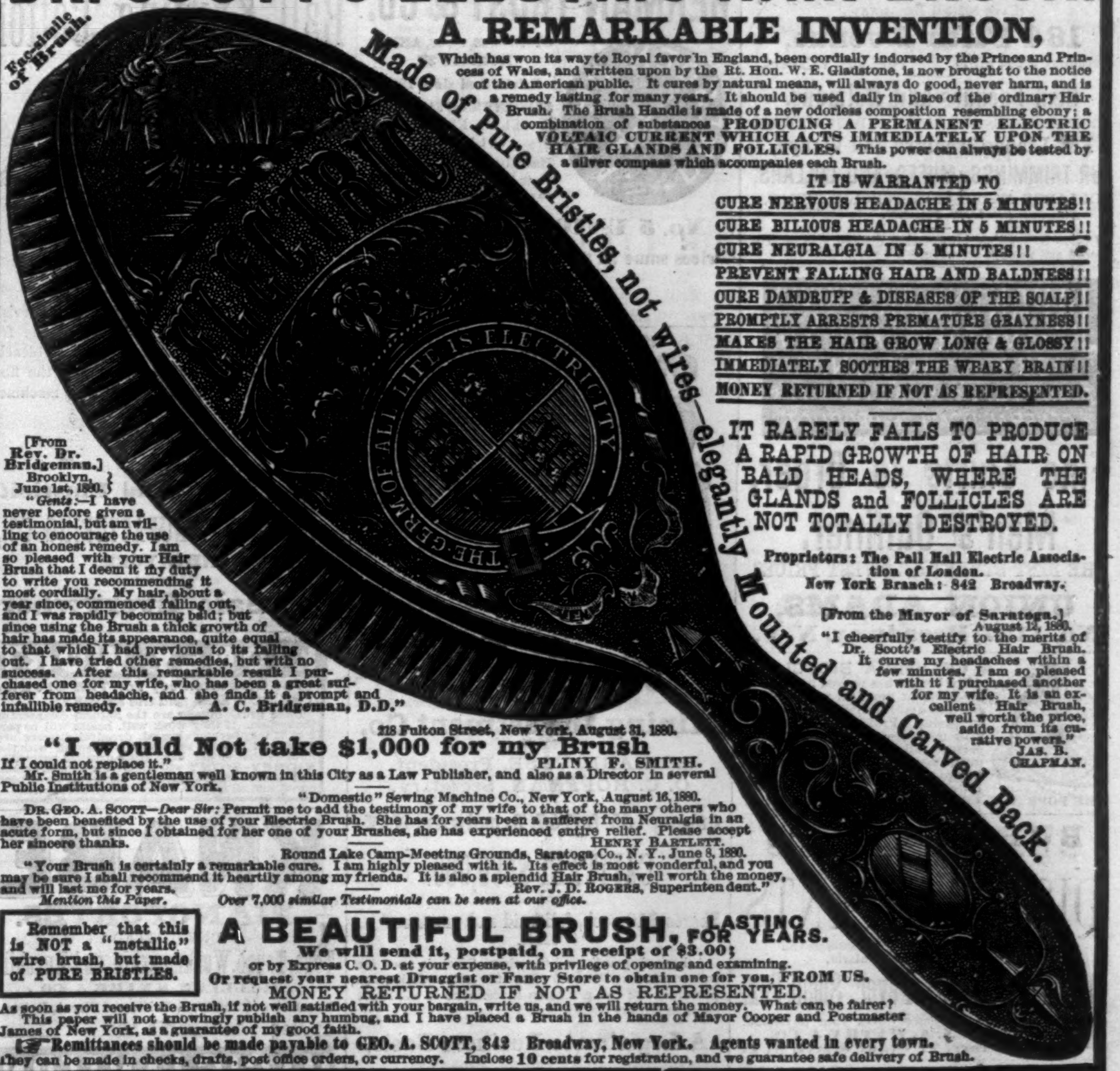
"Consumption in England increased tenfold in ten years."

LIEBIG COMPANY'S EXTRACT OF MEAT. To be had of all Storekeepers, Grocers, and Chemists. Sole Agents for the United States (wholesale only), C. DAVID & CO., 43 Mark Lane, London, England.

Sold wholesale in New York by PARK & TILFORD, SMITH & VANDERBEEK, ACKER, MERRALL, & CONDIT, McKESSON & ROBBINS, H. K. & F. B. THURBER & CO., W. H. SCHIEFFELIN & CO.

A SPLENDID HOLIDAY GIFT.

DR. SCOTT'S ELECTRIC HAIR BRUSH.


Fac-simile of Brush.
ELECTRIC
THE GERM OF ALL LIFE IS ELECTRICITY

Made of Pure Bristles, not wires—elegantly Mounted and Carved Back.

A REMARKABLE INVENTION,

Which has won its way to Royal favor in England, been cordially indorsed by the Prince and Princess of Wales, and written upon by the Rt. Hon. W. E. Gladstone, is now brought to the notice of the American public. It cures by natural means, will always do good, never harm, and is a remedy lasting for many years. It should be used daily in place of the ordinary Hair Brush. The Brush Handle is made of a new odorless composition resembling ebony; a combination of substances PRODUCING A PERMANENT ELECTRIC VOLTAIC CURRENT WHICH ACTS IMMEDIATELY UPON THE HAIR GLANDS AND FOLLICLES. This power can always be tested by a silver compass which accompanies each Brush.

IT IS WARRANTED TO

CURE NERVOUS HEADACHE IN 5 MINUTES!!
CURE BILIOUS HEADACHE IN 5 MINUTES!!
CURE NEURALGIA IN 5 MINUTES!!
PREVENT FALLING HAIR AND BALDNESS!!
CURE DANDRUFF & DISEASES OF THE SCALP!!
PROMPTLY ARRESTS PREMATURE GRAYNESS!!
MAKES THE HAIR GROW LONG & GLOSSY!!
IMMEDIATELY SOOTHES THE WEARY BRAIN!!
MONEY RETURNED IF NOT AS REPRESENTED.

IT RARELY FAILS TO PRODUCE A RAPID GROWTH OF HAIR ON BALD HEADS, WHERE THE GLANDS and FOLLICLES ARE NOT TOTALLY DESTROYED.

Proprietors: The Pall Mall Electric Association of London.
New York Branch: 842 Broadway.

[From the Mayor of Saratoga.] August 12, 1880.
"I cheerfully testify to the merits of Dr. Scott's Electric Hair Brush. It cures my headaches within a few minutes. I am so pleased with it I purchased another for my wife. It is an excellent Hair Brush, well worth the price, aside from its curative powers."
JAS. B. CHAPMAN.

[From Rev. Dr. Bridgeman.] Brooklyn, June 1st, 1880.
"*Gents*:—I have never before given a testimonial, but am willing to encourage the use of an honest remedy. I am so pleased with your Hair Brush that I deem it my duty to write you recommending it most cordially. My hair, about a year since, commenced falling out, and I was rapidly becoming bald; but since using the Brush a thick growth of hair has made its appearance, quite equal to that which I had previous to its falling out. I have tried other remedies, but with no success. After this remarkable result I purchased one for my wife, who has been a great sufferer from headache, and she finds it a prompt and infallible remedy.
A. C. Bridgeman, D.D."

218 Fulton Street, New York, August 31, 1880.
"I would Not take $1,000 for my Brush if I could not replace it."
PLINY F. SMITH.
Mr. Smith is a gentleman well known in this City as a Law Publisher, and also as a Director in several Public Institutions of New York.

"Domestic" Sewing Machine Co., New York, August 16, 1880.
DR. GEO. A. SCOTT—*Dear Sir:* Permit me to add the testimony of my wife to that of the many others who have been benefited by the use of your Electric Brush. She has for years been a sufferer from Neuralgia in an acute form, but since I obtained for her one of your Brushes, she has experienced entire relief. Please accept her sincere thanks.
HENRY BARTLETT.

Round Lake Camp-Meeting Grounds, Saratoga Co., N. Y., June 8, 1880.
"Your Brush is certainly a remarkable cure. I am highly pleased with it. Its effect is most wonderful, and you may be sure I shall recommend it heartily among my friends. It is also a splendid Hair Brush, well worth the money, and will last me for years.
Rev. J. D. ROGERS, Superintendent."

Mention this Paper. *Over 7,000 similar Testimonials can be seen at our office.*

Remember that this is NOT a "metallic" wire brush, but made of PURE BRISTLES.

A BEAUTIFUL BRUSH, LASTING FOR YEARS.
We will send it, postpaid, on receipt of $3.00;
or by Express C. O. D. at your expense, with privilege of opening and examining.
Or request your nearest Druggist or Fancy Store to obtain one for you, FROM US.
MONEY RETURNED IF NOT AS REPRESENTED.

As soon as you receive the Brush, if not well satisfied with your bargain, write us, and we will return the money. What can be fairer?

This paper will not knowingly publish any humbug, and I have placed a Brush in the hands of Mayor Cooper and Postmaster James of New York, as a guarantee of my good faith.

☞ **Remittances should be made payable to GEO. A. SCOTT, 842 Broadway, New York. Agents wanted in every town.** They can be made in checks, drafts, post office orders, or currency. Inclose 10 cents for registration, and we guarantee safe delivery of Brush.

CANDY Send $1, $2, $3, or $5 for a sample retail box by express of the best Candies in America, put up elegantly and strictly pure. Refers to all Chicago. Address C. F. GUNTHER, Confectioner, 78 Madison St., Chicago.

DO YOUR OWN PRINTING Presses and outfits from $3 to $500 Over 2,000 styles of type. Catalogue and reduced price list free.
H. HOOVER, Phila., Pa.

AGENTS WANTED to sell Dr. CHASE'S 2000 RECIPE BOOK. *Sells at Sight.* You double your money. Address Dr. Chase's Printing House, Ann Arbor, Mich.

$72 A WEEK. $12 a day at home easily made. Costly Outfit free. Address TRUE & Co., Augusta, Maine.

EVENING ENTERTAINMENTS.—A Collection of Plays, Charades, Tableaux, Wax Works, Amusements, &c., price 15 cts. Little Plays for Little People, 30 cts. Parlor Amusements for the Young Folks, 30 cts. Temperance Plays, Juvenile Plays, Irish Plays, Dutch Plays, Ethiopian Plays, 15 cts. each. Amateur's Guide, 25 cts. Mailed on receipt of price. Send orders to P. O. Box 3410, New York. Catalogues of Plays *free*.

70 YOUR NAME in Stylish Lettering on 70 Cards (*Gold and Silver Chromos, Cupids, Mottoes, Bouquets, Birds, Winter Scenes, Pictures, etc.*) 10c. All new styles, lithographed in bright colors. *Unequaled.* Largest assortment of cards in America. Agent's Complete Sample Book, 25c. Dealers and Printers supplied with Blank Cards. NORTHFORD CARD WORKS, Northford, Ct.

Agents Wanted. Sells Rapidly. Particulars *free* **C. 4 S. 50** S. M. SPENCER, 112 Wash'n st. Boston, Mass.

50 *All Lithographed* Chromo Cards, no two alike, 10c. *Agts. big Outfit*, 10c. Globe Card Co., Northford, Ct.

RUBBER STAMPS BADGES, STENCILS ETC. N. Stafford 66 Fulton St. N. Y

50 ELEGANT CARDS, with name, 10c. 30 Gold and Silver Chromos, 10c. W. MOORE, Brockport, N. Y.

$66 a week in your own town. Terms and $5 outfit free. Address H. HALLETT & Co., Portland, Maine.

50 Finest Chromo, Gilt, & Colored, Scroll Cards ever sold only 10c. Ag'ts Samples 10c. G. A. Spring, Northford, Ct.

50 *Gold, Figured*, and *Actress* Chromos, 10c. Agent's Sample Book, 25c. SEAVY BROS., Northford, Ct.

IT PAYS to sell our Rubber Printing Stamps. Samples free. J. M. MITTEN & Co., Cleveland, O.

50 New Styles Perfumed Motto, Moss Rose, Violet, Japanese Cards, name on 10c. Card Mills, Northford, Ct.